

STORIES OF  
PEOPLE WORTH WHILE



KITTY PARSONS



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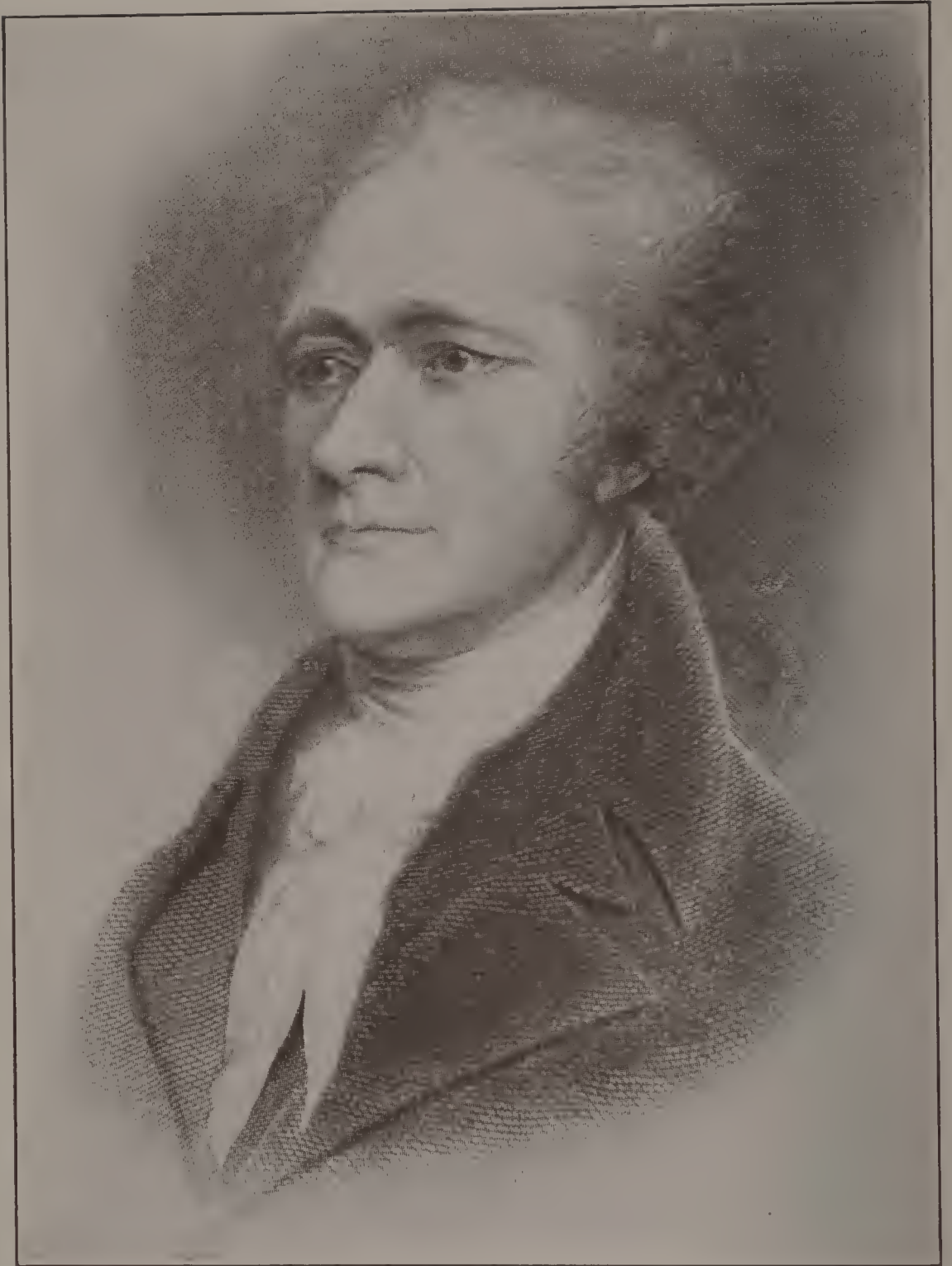




**STORIES OF PEOPLE WORTH WHILE**







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ALEXANDER HAMILTON



# Stories of People Worth While

By  
KITTY PARSONS  
*Author of "Do You Know Them?"*



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*To My Dear Friends  
Leonora and René Pardee  
With Sincere Affection.*

## Acknowledgments

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## Foreword

**P**ERHAPS the word biography makes you think of great cumbersome volumes, heavy inside as well as out. It shouldn't, really. Stories of achievement can be the most fascinating and absorbing tales in the world. If the characters in fiction can be interesting, don't you think the men who have actually lived and accomplished things should be much more so, seeing that the things that happen to them are really true?

Many a biography is more exciting than an adventure story. Take, for example, the story of the early colonist, Captain John Smith, or the navigator, Henry Hudson; could any fiction read better than these?

Of course all people's lives are not filled with adventure; but they are, at least, full of interest, if the people themselves have done interesting things. A poet or an artist does not usually lead the same sort of life as an explorer or a soldier, but this does not mean that his life is dull or uninteresting. Reading these stories of people who have done something big cannot but affect our own characters, and make us aspire to bigger and better things ourselves. "Are not great men the models of nations?" says Meredith. Especially is this

true when we are young and our minds are eager to receive new impressions and ideas.

Biography is an inspiration to the young reader, and almost every child has a favourite hero whom he particularly looks up to. Years ago, Abraham Lincoln sat up far into the night reading the life of Washington. He read it not once, but many times, and it is not hard to believe that the boy Lincoln tried to live up to the example of the hero, the patriot and the Christian, whom he so greatly admired. In later years, Theodore Roosevelt, who had always been a sincere admirer of Lincoln, found great comfort in reading the life and letters of the great President.

Children, long ago, did not have so many books as they have today. Many of them were able to find only one or two very deep and heavy volumes that belonged to their parents. When she was a little girl in France, the famous Madame Roland hungrily devoured the contents of *Plutarch's Lives*. In fact she became so attached to this book that she carried it to church with her instead of her prayer-book. I am not recommending this method to children today, but I think it is interesting to hear about. General Leonard Wood somewhat modified the idea, for he took Plutarch with him when he went fishing, to read when the fish refused to bite. Benjamin Franklin was another child who loved this book.

The other day a middle-aged man told me that



the book he enjoyed most as a child, was a short life of Napoleon. It was told in such a vivid and entertaining way that he read it over and over again with unfailing interest. My own favourite heroes were Julius Cæsar and Mary, Queen of Scots. I do not know why I selected these two persons, but they charmed me far more than any fictitious characters I had ever read about. They seemed so real and human somehow, so much more alive than the noble King Arthur, whom I regret to say, always seemed too highly ornamental for my childish fancy.

*Stories of People Worth While* is a complete volume in itself. It is not a sequel to anything, but is a companion volume to *Do You Know Them?*, which deals with a different group of people.

This little collection is meant to be strictly general; almost every one of the members who is here represents something different from the rest. If you find more than one statesman or writer it is not because they were both statesmen or writers that their portraits are hung in this gallery, but because they distinguished themselves in some other way besides.

The men and women I have written about were chosen for the same reason that they were chosen in *Do You Know Them?* As much as possible I have tried to tell you about people who have done great things rather than people who are widely famous. "But, of course," you will say, "every-

one knows Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton." Yes, indeed; but the children may not know all about their lives. Or, perhaps, they may find some new detail that may bring the picture of these great men more vividly before them.

You know we may look at the same picture every day for years and scarcely notice it; yet you may look at it in a new light and it will seem quite a different thing. These pictures are not supposed to be complete portraits of their subjects. They are just sketches. But I sincerely hope that the little sketches will make their young readers want to know more about the subjects themselves.

K. P.

*Brookline, Mass.*



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# I

## Captain John Smith

### *Early Colonist and Explorer*

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH was a famous adventurer and explorer, who was closely associated with one of the earliest colonies in this country. He was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1580. This was at the time when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne and the country was the scene of much activity and excitement.

Young John Smith was born with a keen love of adventure, and at thirteen he decided that it was high time for him to set out to see the world. So he sold his books and other worldly possessions and would soon have embarked on his expedition had not the sudden death of his father put an end to his wild schemes. His guardians refused to give their consent to his going to sea, and for a time at least, he was obliged to give up his plans and stay quietly at home.

A year or two later, John had a sudden stroke of good luck, for an unexpected opportunity to travel really came to him. He was invited to ac-

company the young son of Lord Willoughby on a tour of the continent of Europe, in the capacity of page. This sounded very agreeable at the time, but after he had tried the position for a few months, he found it far too uneventful to suit his romantic taste. The chance of something more exciting soon lured him away from his wealthy patron and he enlisted under the Protestant banner of Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV of France.

Young Smith found soldiering very pleasant, and after his first venture he served as a soldier of fortune in many different lands and met with more thrilling adventures than it would be possible to relate. Many strange stories of his hairbreadth escapes have come down to us. One of the most remarkable is the tale of his victory over three Turks, whom he slew single-handed in Transylvania. For this deed he was given a pension and a patent of nobility from the ruler of that country. He was also permitted to have three bleeding Turks' heads on his shield.

In Turkey, Captain Smith was captured and taken prisoner and later sold into slavery. He was purchased by a Turk and sent to Constantinople as a present to his young mistress, the beautiful Princess Charatza Tragabigzanda, who believed him to be a Bohemian lord whom her servant had conquered. When the princess found out the truth she was highly indignant, and at once released him and sent him to her brother, in Cambia, a province in

Tartaria, where she felt sure he would be well treated. Smith was held as a slave by the brother and finally escaped and went to Transylvania and later to England.

Years later when he visited New England, Captain Smith named what is now known as Cape Ann, Cape Tragabigzanda, after the Mohammedan princess. The three islands off the cape he called the "Three Turks' Heads" for the three Turks he had slain. There is now a hotel on Cape Ann called the "Turks' Head Inn," which was probably named in honour of the same event.

On his first voyage to Italy a terrible storm arose and the passengers, who were an extremely superstitious lot, blamed the terrific tempest on poor Captain Smith because, unfortunately, he was the only Englishman on board. Feeling that he must be responsible for endangering their lives, they heartlessly threw him overboard and, without a backward glance, left him to drown. But John Smith was an excellent swimmer and, after a long and difficult swim in the rough water, he at last reached an island where he found refuge. Then, along came a pirate ship and picked him up and carried him off with its wicked crew, on a voyage of plunder. Their captive was far too honest to stick to a pirate's life, and as soon as the chance offered, he left the ship and set off to fight the Turks.

On his return to England, in 1605, people of



influence who recognised his daring and bravery induced John Smith to take part in the colonisation of Virginia. A year was spent in gathering colonists together and equipping vessels, and the following year the little party set out for the New World, the entire coast of which was generally called New England. This was in the early part of the reign of James I, a few years before the Pilgrims and the Puritans started on their voyages to this country. Sir Walter Raleigh and other Englishmen had made several attempts to found colonies before this time, but largely on account of mismanagement, they had had little success.

John Smith had been a roving care-free adventurer, with no serious purpose or object in life, until he set out on this new expedition. From that time he entered heart and soul into the enterprise and became deeply interested in the development and growth of the new colony they were going to found. He put all of his remarkable energy into the task and without him the project would surely have failed again.

The first land the colonists made was called Cape Henry. For some time they looked around for a suitable site to settle on, and at last sailed about forty miles up the James River to a spot which they called Jamestown, in honour of the king. There they founded the first real English settlement in this country, under the supervision of King James, who was to control all their laws.

Of the men who sailed with these early colonists, there were few who had any real ability to cope with the tremendous task they had undertaken. They had been little used to hardship in England and in the New World the conditions were so different that they soon found themselves confronted by serious difficulties. John Smith was well used to a rough life and he remained undaunted when many of the others became sadly discouraged. Gradually his power grew, and in every way he proved himself a wise advisor and a fine military leader, in whom they could place their trust. Not long after their arrival he was given a place in the Council, which had at first been denied him, and a year later he was made president of the colony.

Although Captain John Smith was now an important citizen with a serious business in life, his exciting adventures did not end. The country round about Jamestown was wild and rough, and there were many Indians not far from the colony. On one of his expeditions Smith was captured by the great Indian chief, Powhatan, and held as a prisoner for a period of seven weeks. At the end of this time he was condemned to death and would have ended his life then and there had it not been for Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of Powhatan, who rushed to his rescue. The tender-hearted young girl pleaded with her father and finally obtained the prisoner's release, before the

terrible sentence could take place. Years afterwards Pocahontas married John Rolfe, one of the colonists, and became a sincere and devout Christian. She was baptised by the name of Rebecca, before going to England with her husband.

The time that Captain John Smith spent in captivity with the Indians was not wasted, for it proved a great help to him afterwards in understanding the ways and habits of the Indian people. He knew how to deal with them far better than most white men, and soon became familiar with their different methods of warfare. They learned to fear and respect him and to realise that he was a man of his word.

Many times Captain John Smith saved the colony from utter ruin by his wise decisions, cleverness and strength of character. Without question, he was the one man of them all who had energy and will and brains enough to hold the colony together, and to work for its development. When the settlers were almost starving they turned to him to save them, and through his ingenuity they obtained food from the hostile Indians. John Smith and his men fired their muskets over the heads of the Indians, who were in mortal terror of firearms and ran away in great fright. After that he captured the cherished image of their god, Okee, which convinced them that all was lost, and made them agree to sell him whatever he wished for his people.



In spite of all that he did for the Virginia colonists, they did not appreciate his efforts, and after a few years Captain Smith went back to England. He soon returned to the New World and visited the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, buying furs and making observations which he later made into a map and presented to King Charles. The king changed some of the names on the map, among them, Cape Tragabigzanda, which he named after his mother, Queen Anne.

John Smith was given the title of "Admiral of New England" after these last voyages. His next venture was an exciting one, for he was chased by pirate ships and by French men-of-war and finally taken captive on a vessel which carried him around the Azores and other distant points of the globe, greatly against his will. One terrifically stormy night he decided that he could stand it no longer and would attempt to escape. So he set off in a small boat and soon drifted far out to sea, where he tossed about on the mammoth waves for many weary hours. At last, when he had almost given up hope of ever seeing land again, the waters became more calm and he was cast up on the French shore.

Even after this experience Captain Smith had not had enough of the sea, for before long he embarked on another voyage. The last years of his life were largely devoted to writing books. His *General History of Virginia, New England and the*

*Somer Isles* appeared first, and was soon followed by *True Travels, Adventures and Observations of Captain John Smith*, and *A True Relation*. At the time of his death, in 1631, he was writing a *History of the Sea*, which was never finished.

Captain John Smith stands out among the characters of history, as a truly remarkable man. He was honest, just and capable, and he worked hard. Few could equal him in enthusiasm or determination. He was essentially a man of action. He was one of the most important figures in the colonisation of the New World, and the accomplishment of this one thing was his dearest ambition.

## II

### Henry Hudson

#### *The Man Who Discovered the Hudson River*

**H**ENRY HUDSON was the celebrated navigator after whom the Hudson River, Hudson Bay and many steamboats and other things were named. Sometimes you will find his name spelled Hendrik Hudson and in many other ways, but they all stand for the same man, who was born 'way back in the seventeenth century.

Not very much is known about the early life of the famous navigator, and the first time that we hear anything particular about him is when he sailed from Greenwich, England, in command of an Arctic expedition. He was an Englishman himself, and not Dutch, as some people imagine. As a matter of fact he lived right in the city of London and was a very good friend of another well-known sailor, Captain John Smith.

The career of Henry Hudson really began with an English company which was entirely devoted to Arctic navigation. Somewhere around 1607 or 1608 he made voyages in its service, the first one taking him near Greenland and Spitzbergen,

which you will find located in the Arctic Ocean, northwest and northeast of England. What he really wanted to do was to sail across the North Pole and discover some hitherto unknown expanse of water, which would lead him directly to the eastern coast of Asia. You must look these places up on your map and remember that, in those days, there were no maps of any consequence, and most people had not the slightest idea how far away other countries were or how large they really were.

On his second voyage Hudson tried to pass between Spitzenbergen and Nova Zembla, which is an island north of the extreme northern part of Russia. The latitude of this part of the world is very high, and on this trip some of the sailors claimed that on that account they were able to see a real mermaid not far from the ship. They declared that she had the arms and head and body of a woman, but the lower half of her was like the tail of a fish, about the size of a halibut. Most people thought that what they really saw was a seal, which at that time was a creature quite unknown to English mariners.

On his return to England, Hudson found that his sea voyages had made him famous. He had been nearer the Pole than anyone else had ever ventured before, and his skill at navigation had won him quite a reputation as a sailor. Almost immediately he received an offer from the Dutch East India Company, through the Dutch Consul, to



go into its service. Although he soon had several other good offers he accepted that of the Dutch Company and went over to Holland to start on his new voyages. Hudson's connection with the East India Company is probably one reason why so many people think of him as a Dutchman, and always speak of him as Hendrik Hudson. Others say that he spent a good part of his early life in Holland and that that accounts for his foreign-sounding name.

The following year Hudson started out on a new and far more daring voyage. With an eighty-ton yacht, *The Half-Moon*, and a crew of about twelve men, he set sail on the Zuyder Zee. Few men would have dared attempt such a trip with so slight an equipment, but Henry Hudson was little daunted by such trifles as these. With a courageous heart he sailed around the North Cape, the most extreme northern point of Norway, and again headed in the direction of Nova Zembla. The sea was so full of ice in this vicinity that it was impossible to make very much progress in that direction, so he was obliged to change his course. Turning about, he headed *The Half-Moon* to cross the Atlantic Ocean, somewhere in the latitude of forty degrees.

If you could have seen *The Half-Moon* you would never have believed that anyone could cross the Atlantic Ocean in such a vessel. It was small and so cramped between the decks that the crew could not even stand upright. Fortunately, they

were a strong, hardy lot of sailors who did not worry very much about personal comfort. In those days the sails on ships used to go crosswise instead of lengthwise, which made them look quite different from those we see today. A perfect copy of *The Half-Moon* was built by the Dutch and sent over to New York to take part in the Hudson-Fulton Celebration on the three hundredth anniversary of Hudson's entry into New York Harbour.

The long voyage of *The Half-Moon* across the Atlantic Ocean was filled with all sorts of exciting experiences and adventures for those on board the sturdy little vessel. On this trip Hudson discovered two important things which he had never thought of finding; one was the first sun-spot ever seen, and the other was a great number of whales about Spitzbergen.

In the rough weather and fierce gales on the ocean the foremast of *The Half-Moon* was torn in two. This made navigation still more difficult, but at last the boat reached the eastern coast of what is now our United States, and dropped anchor in Penobscot Bay, where the voyagers went ashore to repair the damage. The crew cut down an entire pine tree and from this, in the course of several days, they managed to make a new mast, which was stronger and better than the first one. During this time they explored the nearby country and caught about fifty cod, more than a hundred

lobsters, and a halibut of tremendous size, which kept them from suffering from hunger.

From Penobscot Bay, Hudson went on to Cape Cod and then visited Delaware Bay and New York Harbour. There were many Indians on Manhattan Island at the time Hudson landed on that spot, and as soon as they saw *The Half-Moon* sail into the bay they came out in their canoes, anxious to trade skins and other wares for the products of other countries. Hudson did not stay very long in this neighbourhood, for he wished to get on with his explorations as soon as possible. After leaving Manhattan he sailed up what is now called the Hudson River, as far as Troy, where he was obliged to stop on account of the shallow water which he found there. There were more Indians encamped in these parts and Hudson went ashore and visited some of them. In one Indian hut he was entertained by a chief who killed a fatted dog and a fine pair of pigeons for his supper. Rather an unusual meal for a white man.

Hudson now turned around and went back to Europe, landing in England because several of the crew were English and refused to go any further when they had finally crossed the ocean. Then, when King James heard that Hudson had actually returned from another successful voyage he refused to let him go back to Holland at all, declaring that he was far too valuable an Englishman to serve any other country. The king insisted that he return



to the original English company for whom he had first sailed, and Hudson was compelled to notify the Dutch East India Company and abide by His Majesty's wish, for in those days the request of the king was little less than a command that no one dared disobey.

The great navigator did not stay long at home, however, and soon embarked on another expedition to the New World. He crossed the Atlantic Ocean again, but this time he entered what is now called the Hudson Strait, between Baffin Island and Northeastern Canada. From there he proceeded to what is now known as Hudson Bay, a great body of water, larger than the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea combined. You will have no trouble finding this on the map, for it is right in the eastern part of the Dominion of Canada.

All went smoothly at first, but it was in the fall of the year when Hudson reached the large bay, and the ice soon became so heavy that his boat stuck fast in it and was frozen in one spot for six long months. This was in the extreme southern portion of Hudson Bay, which is now called St. James' Bay. When the ice finally broke, late in the spring of the next year, the crew insisted upon returning at once to England because they felt that they had had more than enough of hardship and suffering through their long, cold winter on the ice.

Henry Hudson had no desire to return to En-



gland at that moment. Now that spring had come at last he was filled with the great desire to travel on, in the hope of discovering a new way to the Pacific Ocean. He felt that the worst was really over and urged the men to hold on a little longer until real success should be theirs. But the sailors were a rough lot, who cared for nothing except their pay, and they were heartily sick of the life they had been forced to endure for the past few months. So they started a terrible mutiny and ended by placing Hudson and his son and a few sick men in an open boat and themselves sailing in the big ship for England. Their end was little better than that of their commander, for some were slain by Indians before they reached the Atlantic Ocean, while the remaining number were thrown into prison soon after their arrival in England.

Every effort was made to find Henry Hudson and his companions, who were so cruelly deserted, but without success. A search party that left England as soon as they heard the terrible news, found no trace of any of the men. It was a sad and untimely end for a really amazing man, who devoted almost his entire life to navigation. The voyages of Hudson were the real cause of starting the Hudson Bay fur trade, and the Spanish whale fisheries, and he was largely responsible for bringing the Dutch people to New York.

### III

#### Maria Mitchell

##### *An American Girl Who Discovered a Comet*

MARIA MITCHELL came of sturdy old New England stock, for her mother was a Quaker and a descendant of Benjamin Franklin. She was the third of ten children and was born at Nantucket, where her father taught school. Mr. Mitchell had begun teaching when he was eighteen, with the smallest salary imaginable. In the summer months he supported his family by fishing, for you know, of course, that Nantucket is one of the greatest fishing towns in this country.

There were so many little Mitchells that until some of them were old enough to do something to help themselves, it was really quite a problem to look out for them all. Neither teaching nor fishing brought in a tremendous amount of money and for a time Mr. Mitchell gave up his school and tried turning whale oil into soap. But he missed his other work and finally went back to it. In his leisure hours he studied the stars and gradually learned so much about them that the United States Coast Survey decided to pay him a hundred dollars a year

for his work in astronomy. This does not sound like a fortune, perhaps, but to a man with a large family it seemed like a good deal at that time.

Maria went to her father's school and showed a great liking for the study of mathematics. Mr. Mitchell believed that girls should receive just the same education as boys and just as thorough a one, too, and he taught Maria many things that other little girls never learned. He gave her a special training in the study of navigation, which she particularly enjoyed. She was a good scholar and liked to learn about everything she could.

There was one thing that Maria liked to do more than anything else. This was to go with her father to the little observatory he had built, and to look at the stars. They seemed so wonderful and so far off and he told her so many interesting stories about them that she kept wanting to know more and more and asked all sorts of questions about their real size and shape and how many miles away they were. Mr. Mitchell was very pleased that his little girl had the same tastes as himself and he taught her all he could about the marvelous science of astronomy.

When Maria was sixteen she went to a private school for one year. Then she accepted the position of librarian of the Nantucket Athenæum at sixty dollars for the first year, seventy-five for the second and one hundred for all the years after that. Maria liked the work, but she knew she would

never grow rich on the salary she earned. In her spare time she continued to help her father in his observatory, and before long she knew almost as much about the stars as he did. By that time Mr. Mitchell had gained quite a reputation by his hard work and deep interest in astronomy and he was able to earn a little more money by writing articles for magazines and by lecturing now and then.

Maria never wasted a single minute of her precious time. She worked, worked, worked, and did all she could to help her mother bring up the younger children besides. She read all the books she possibly could, and she knit dozens and dozens of warm socks for her father and brothers and sisters. She became such an accomplished knitter that she could read a book and knit at the same time.

In October, 1847, Maria Mitchell's earnest efforts were rewarded, for she discovered an unknown comet through her telescope. In great excitement she told her father the good news and he immediately wrote to the director of the Cambridge Observatory, who told Edward Everett, president of Harvard College, about it. Mr. Everett then wrote to King Frederick VI, of Denmark, who had promised a medal to whoever discovered a new comet, and in the course of time the prize was awarded to the girl from Nantucket. Other people saw Maria's comet a day or two later, but she was the very first to observe it. Imagine



how proud and happy the Mitchell family must have been!

The year after Maria's great discovery she was very much pleased to be made an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. She was the first woman to receive this honour. Two years later she was elected to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and after that, many other honours were heaped upon her. She was presented with a telescope by the women of America, which became one of her dearest possessions.

Some years later Miss Mitchell sailed for Europe. She had never travelled very far before, so you can easily imagine that she looked forward to visiting strange countries and seeing new sights, with a great deal of pleasure. Everywhere she went she was entertained and honoured by famous astronomers and scientists, and sometimes by royalty. I could not begin to tell you about all the interesting people she met and her wildest dreams had never pictured so wonderful an adventure as this one turned out to be.

After traveling for a year, Miss Mitchell returned to Nantucket and was greeted with joy by her parents. Not long after her return her mother died and Maria and her father moved to Lynn because they could not bear to live in the old town without her. Maria bought a house with sixteen hundred dollars that she had saved out of her own

earnings, and she and her father lived there very happily for five years. Mr. Mitchell was then receiving a small pension from the government and his daughter was earning a few hundreds a year from different astronomical societies.

In 1865 Vassar College opened its doors to three hundred and fifty students. When the observatory was completed Maria Mitchell was invited to have charge of it, as professor of astronomy. Mr. Mitchell packed up his belongings again and accompanied his daughter to her new post. It gave him great pleasure in his old age, to know that his daughter was making a success of the work that he had always loved so much. Miss Mitchell and her pupils soon recorded the paths of four thousand meteors and obtained much valuable data about their movements.

Miss Mitchell visited Europe for a second time a few years after accepting her position at Vassar. On her return she was elected President of the Association for the Advancement of Women, which position she held for two terms. Before leaving the college she started a fund to endow the chair of astronomy, which was completed after her death and called the Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund.

Miss Mitchell died in the year 1889, not long after her retirement from Vassar. She was buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery, not far from her old home in Nantucket. Her birthplace is now open

to the public, and in it are kept collections of shells, pressed wild flowers of Nantucket, and whatever else can be obtained pertaining to science. The house is built in the charming style of many old Nantucket homes, and there is a look-out on the roof from which they would watch the ships coming in from sea, long years ago. Opposite the house is a library called the Maria Mitchell Associated Library, and beside it is an observatory which contains her telescope and her books about astronomy.

Phoebe Mitchell Kendall has written a book that will tell you a great deal more about this interesting woman. It is called: *Maria Mitchell—Life, Letters, and Journals*.

## IV

### Benjamin Franklin

#### *Philosopher and Patriot*

**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN was a great American who played a large part in the important events of this country. He was born in Boston and baptised in the famous Old South Church, way back in the early days of the eighteenth century. His father was of English birth and earned his living at the trade of a tallow chandler. He was twice married and Benjamin was one of the youngest of a family of seventeen children. His mother was the daughter of Peter Folger, of Nantucket, one of the earliest settlers in New England.

As soon as they were old enough, Benjamin's brothers were put to work as apprentices at different trades. In those days school was not considered so necessary as it is today, and boys went to work much younger than they do now. Benjamin was sent to grammar school when he was about eight years old, but he only remained for a year or two and learned very little except writing and arithmetic. He wrote a clear hand but was not nearly so good at figures.



Mr. Franklin at first thought that young Benjamin should be a minister, but changed his mind and at ten put him to work at his own trade. This did not appeal to the boy in any way, for his mind was completely taken up with wild dreams of the sea. More than anything else in the world he longed to be a sailor! He had lived near the sea all his life and he loved boats and swimming and everything that had anything to do with the water. This idea did not please his father because one of his boys had run away from home for the same reason. He did everything he could to interest Benjamin in other things.

Mr. Franklin was most anxious to have all his children as well educated as possible and at table he encouraged them to talk with him on many subjects. In his *Autobiography*, Benjamin Franklin says that in this way their attention was called to the conversation rather than the food, and they always ate what was put before them without fussing or bothering about it. Then, when he grew up to be a man he was able to eat anything and did not have a lot of silly likes and dislikes as many of us do.

Benjamin loved to read, and *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Plutarch's Lives* were among his great favourites. There were not many books to be had in those days, and if anyone were fortunate enough to have a small library of his own he was sure to be a very popular person. Benjamin read in the eve-

nings and on Sundays and devoured all the books he could find.

In 1717 his brother John returned from England with a printing press and type and set up business in Boston. Although Benjamin still longed to be a sailor, he felt there was no use thinking about it any more, so he agreed to work as an apprentice for his brother until he was twenty-one. A few years after this John Franklin began to print the second newspaper that appeared in this country, which was known as the *New England Courant*. The first was the *Boston News Letter*. Two hundred years ago one newspaper was considered enough, but, today, when there are many, many thousands there are still new ones starting all the time.

Benjamin delivered the papers to the customers and learned a good deal about printing in his brother's office. After a time he began to write little articles of his own which he left at the office without signing any name, so that John might not guess who had sent them. When his brother was imprisoned for something he had said in his newspaper, Benjamin printed the paper by himself and worked very hard at his job. But John Franklin did not really treat him very well, and at last he broke his agreement and left the office forever.

Benjamin Franklin was just seventeen when he ran away from home and took passage on a boat for New York. He hoped to earn his own living

in that city; but he could not find any work, so he continued his journey to Philadelphia. Traveling by coach, on foot and at last by rowboat, he finally reached the Quaker city. Hungry and very weary, he entered an old church and soon fell fast asleep.

Benjamin woke up feeling refreshed and more hopeful, and he gathered his remaining pennies together and purchased two huge rolls to appease his appetite. Then he walked down one of the main streets of the city munching one of these tempting morsels and little caring who saw him. It so happened that a young lady, looking out of her front doorway, spied this strange-looking young man, and laughed at the sight. Some years later this same young lady, Miss Deborah Read, became Mrs. Benjamin Franklin, and she and her husband often laughed about the first time she ever saw him.

Benjamin Franklin went to work in a printer's office soon after his arrival in Philadelphia. By this time he knew a good deal about the business and was a valuable workman. He met many interesting people, and when he had been there a year or two the Governor sent him to England to get the proper equipment to set up a printing business of his own, promising to help him to pay for it. But alas! When Benjamin arrived on the other side of the water, he found that the Governor's ready promises amounted to nothing but talk. He stayed in England for more than a year, working at various things, and even considered opening a



swimming school there, but he finally returned to this country.

Franklin went back to the printing business in Philadelphia and worked harder than ever. He was careful of his money and was not extravagant or foolish in his habits. He laid a strict set of rules for his life and conduct and said: "Truth, sincerity and integrity in dealings between man and man are of the utmost importance to the felicity of life." That he was far more industrious than most young men, Dr. Baird, a neighbour of his, assures us. He said: "The industry of this Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbours are out of bed."

In 1730, Franklin started *The Gazette*, which was different from any newspaper that had appeared before that time. The type was better and the print was clearer than any that had been used before. The news was carefully gone over and the editor never allowed anything to be printed that was libelous or abusive in any way.

Franklin also printed paper currency and opened a small stationer shop, about this time. Then he started a subscription library with about fifty subscribers. There was not a single good bookseller's shop anywhere in this country except Boston, and that was a long way from Philadelphia. Most people were obliged to send all the way to England

for their books, and it was really most difficult to find anything to read. In 1742 Benjamin Franklin started the Philadelphia Public Library.

To tell you everything that this wonderful American citizen did would take many pages, so I am not going to pretend to do it. I hope you will admire him so much that you will want to read more about him in bigger books than this. He assisted in the founding of a college that later became the University of Pennsylvania. He was Postmaster-General for the Colonies, and did his best to prevent the Revolutionary War. He was elected to Congress and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, as well as one of a committee to draft that great document. He was first Minister to the Court of France and Governor of the state of Pennsylvania. He started national defence and received medals and degrees for his services from societies and institutions all over the world.

Benjamin Franklin found it hard to be orderly himself, yet he really loved and respected order. It was through his efforts that the streets of the city were properly cleaned, swept and paved, for the first time. He founded the first association for extinguishing fires and, later, the first insurance against fire; he also discovered the method of defending houses against lightning. In addition to all these ways of protecting people from fire, he invented a new open stove which kept many houses



warm. This was known as the "Franklin stove," and is still used in many houses today.

*Poor Richard's Almanac* was an almanac arranged by Benjamin Franklin, and contained many clever sayings, which were afterwards published under the title of *The Way to Wealth*. He also wrote *The Busybody*, a series of papers rather like the *Spectator*, but a good deal more entertaining. His *Autobiography* is so delightful that I hope some day you will read it for yourself.

Franklin had a very attractive family home on Market Street. There was a beautiful mulberry tree in the garden, and he would often sit there and have tea with his friends. He loved to entertain, and all the distinguished men of other countries always came to see him whenever they visited America. There is a picture of Franklin sitting in his garden, in a collection in Boston, and there is also a famous portrait of him, painted by the French artist, Duplessis, in the same city. His portrait was painted so many times that he became heartily sick of having it done. He lived abroad for years and was received by many of the crowned heads of Europe.

Benjamin Franklin had two children, a son and a daughter. The boy died of smallpox, when quite young, and his father deeply regretted that he had not been vaccinated. The daughter married a Mr. Bache, so there are no descendants of Benjamin Franklin by the same name today. Franklin died

in 1790, at the age of eighty-four. He was buried in Christ Church Burying-ground, and Congress appointed a general mourning throughout the United States after his death.

Although Franklin became a loyal citizen of Philadelphia, he never forgot his native city. When he died he left a sum of money, the interest of which was to be used for silver medals to be given as "honourary rewards" to the scholars of Boston. Thousands of children have received these Franklin medals with great pride.

The life of Benjamin Franklin shows us what a man can do who has few opportunities and many obstacles in his way, if he has the determination and will to do it. He was a great public-spirited citizen whose name we remember with pride and affection. There is an interesting statue of Franklin in the Newark Public Library, called "Franklin and His Whistle," which represents an incident of his boyhood when his brother told him he paid too much for a whistle that he had just purchased. After that, whenever Franklin wanted to buy anything that he thought was too expensive he would say: "Remember the whistle." There are many other statues and memorials to Franklin, including a fine bronze one by Greenough in front of the City Hall in Boston.

## V

### Alexander Hamilton

#### *A Famous Lawyer and Statesman*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON has been called by many different names. He is sometimes spoken of as the "Framer of the Constitution," and again as the "Young West Indian," because he was born at Nevis, one of the Leeward Islands in the West Indies. He is truly one of the most remarkable figures in the whole of American history, and one that should surely appeal to all boys and girls.

Alexander Hamilton, the son of a Scotch father and a French mother, was born in 1757. His father was a not very prosperous merchant, and when Alexander was a small boy he was put to work in the counting house of a rich American merchant named Cruger. He showed such unusual ability and skill at the business that when his employer went abroad for a time, he left the thirteen-year-old boy at home in charge of his business. Alexander attended to his duties so well that his employer was more than pleased. He wrote exceptionally well, and at fourteen astonished every-

one by his powerful description of a storm in the West Indies.

Mr. Hamilton felt that his boy should have a better education than he could give him in the West Indies, so he sent him to a grammar school in Elizabethtown, New Jersey. At seventeen he entered King's College, which is now Columbia University, and showed himself a very brilliant scholar, studying medicine at the same time as his regular college course. It was not long before he led most of the debates and proved himself a fine orator.

When signs of trouble began to show between Great Britain and her Colonies, young Hamilton wrote a series of articles in defence of the Colonies which called instant attention to him because of their extreme brilliancy and cleverness. A visit to Boston made his sympathies with the Colonies stronger than ever and made him anxious to enlist in their cause. When the Revolutionary War began, he was made a captain of artillery at the age of nineteen. He was a most distinguished soldier and was made aide-de-camp to General Washington.

Alexander Hamilton was in the thickest part of the fighting during the war, and led an artillery company at the Battle of Long Island. He fought on the Harlem plains and at New Brunswick, Trenton and Princeton. When he was only twenty Washington gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which was a great honour for so young a



man. He led the last cavalry charge at the Battle of Yorktown when Lord Cornwallis surrendered, and completed his military career at twenty-five as a full colonel. All his exploits showed courage and daring and he was extremely popular with the men as well as with his fellow officers. Today, there is a beautiful monument at Trenton, which stands on the very spot where Hamilton fought.

Washington and his young aide-de-camp were the best of friends, but Hamilton unfortunately possessed a very hot temper, and one day he and his General had a serious disagreement. Later, however, he became Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, and held this important office for six years, leaving a remarkable record behind him. Alexander Hamilton proved himself a great financier, and it was through him that the country was saved from bankruptcy and failure. Daniel Webster said of him: "He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet." The Alexander Hamilton Institute in New York City was named for him.

At the age of twenty-three Hamilton married a daughter of General Schuyler. Mrs. Hamilton was a woman of fine character and a great help to her husband throughout all his career. She started the first orphan asylum in New York City, and a memorial service was held in her honour fifty years



after this event. The Hamiltons had eight children, six sons and two daughters. The oldest son, Philip, was killed in a duel, and this was a great grief to his devoted father. The youngest son was born twenty years after the first Philip, and was named after his older brother, and his grandfather Schuyler.

Hamilton became a member of Congress a year after his marriage, and from that time he was a prominent figure in public life. His career was one long series of brilliant achievements, seldom accomplished by a man twice his age, and his story reads much like a fairy tale. He was framer and signer of the Constitution of the United States, first secretary of the treasury, one of the best lawyers in New York, major-general and afterwards commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and finally America's leading statesman.

George Washington would only consent to become Commander-in-Chief of the army, in 1798, if Alexander Hamilton would be his Major-General. He believed that his former-aide-de-camp had more ability than most men, and he was so just and fair that he wished to give the best man the job, in spite of any personal differences they may have had. It was on Washington's death that Hamilton became Commander-in-Chief of the army, at a time when there appeared to be great danger of a war with France. Happily, this war was averted.

When Alexander Hamilton was practicing law in New York, his fame spread far and wide, for people said that he had never lost a case. A great rival of his was Aaron Burr, who had also been aide-de-camp to Washington at one time, and who, later, became Vice-President of the United States. These two men were as different as night and day. Hamilton was honest and straightforward to the highest degree, and he disapproved of some of Burr's methods in politics. When Burr tried to become Governor of New York, his rival stopped him. Infuriated and jealous of Hamilton, Burr challenged him to a duel.

Alexander Hamilton hated dueling above all things. He had lost his beloved oldest son through this means, and in recent years he had often tried to establish anti-dueling laws, but he was a brave man and he did not want anyone to misinterpret his refusal to fight, or to call him a coward, so he accepted the challenge and went out to meet his fate. On that unhappy day in 1804, he met his death with the same unflinching courage and coolness with which he had met all the great events of his life. No wonder his friends had called him the "little lion." The duel took place at Weehawken, New Jersey, opposite New York, Hamilton simply firing his pistol into the air. This affair ended the old custom of dueling.

Alexander Hamilton lived part of his life in New York, not far from Trinity Church, and a

few years in Philadelphia. The unusual activity of his early days made him long more and more for the peace and quiet of the country, as years went on. He purchased a large tract of land about eight miles from the Battery, in what was then an open and unsettled stretch of country. This part of the city from One Hundred and Forty-first to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Streets, at Tenth and St. Nicholas Avenues, is closely populated today, but more than a century ago Alexander Hamilton went shooting and fishing not far from his home.

Hamilton loved gardening and farming, and he took great pleasure in the healthful life of the country. To be sure, it was a long, long journey to town, but they often stayed with their friends in the city and really did not mind it. Those were the stage coach days when a stage ran out to Forty-second Street about three times a week. Think of that today when there are cars headed for that part of the city every single minute. The Hamilton house stood at One Hundred and Forty-second Street and Tenth Avenue, and is still standing, but has been moved next door to St. Luke's Episcopal Church, and is now a school.

At the time of his death, Alexander Hamilton was only forty-seven years old, in the very prime of life with many good years ahead of him. His short life was a brilliant and eventful one, and he has left his stamp upon the history of his time. He is a splendid example of an honest, courageous

and ambitious young man, full of enthusiasm and love of life, and who entered heart and soul into every new task he set out to accomplish. Mrs. Hamilton outlived him by many years, and was past ninety-five at the time of her death.

Hamilton's writings fill seven volumes, and were published by his son, after his father's death. He has always been a popular character in fiction, and many stories have been written around his colourful life. One of the most interesting of these is *The Conqueror*, by Gertrude Atherton. In the American Statesmen series, Henry Cabot Lodge includes the life of Alexander Hamilton, and there is another biography about him by Vandenberg; this is called *The Greatest American*. This same author, who has made a deep study of the great statesman, has written another book entitled, *If Hamilton Were Here Today*. Then there is a *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, by his grandson, Allan McLane Hamilton. The more you learn about Alexander Hamilton, the more you will want to know about him.



## VI

### Betsy Ross

#### *The Woman Who Made the First American Flag*

**Y**OU all know the story of the man who wrote the words of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, so I am sure you would like to hear about the woman who made the first real "star-spangled banner." She is best known to the world as "Betsy Ross," because that was her name at the time she was asked to make the flag.

Elizabeth Ross was the daughter of a Quaker shipbuilder and carpenter, named Samuel Griscom. Her father helped build the famous old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and must have been very proud of his part in the work. Her mother was Rebecca James, a sister of Abel James. Betsy was the eighth child in a family of seventeen children, and was born in 1752.

With such a large family to take care of, it was very necessary that the older girls and boys should earn their own living, so, as soon as she was old enough Betsy started out to learn the upholstery business at Webster's, the best establishment of its kind in Philadelphia. At this time, John Ross, the



son of an Episcopal clergyman, was learning the same business, and he and Betsy worked side by side in the upholstery shop. They fell in love and, when Betsy was twenty-one, they were married. On account of marrying outside of her own church, Elizabeth Griscom was disowned from the Society of Friends.

Soon after their marriage, John and Betsy Ross opened an upholstery shop of their own at number 89 Arch Street, which house is still standing, although the number has since been changed to 239. Young Mrs. Ross was such an expert with her needle that her fame soon spread about the city, and she gained the reputation of being the finest seamstress in Philadelphia. A young girl from out of town, who was visiting a friend, once had the misfortune to tear a beautiful new gown, which she wished to wear to a party. She was told to go at once to Betsy Ross, who repaired the horrid tear so cleverly that the delighted girl declared that the darn was by far the handsomest part of the gown.

Betsy Ross was not only skillful with her needle; she was far more intelligent and active than the average woman of her time. She was an excellent housewife and neighbour, and people often called upon her for advice and assistance in times of sickness and trouble because they admired and respected her ability.

During the Revolutionary War, John Ross' uncle, George Ross, a Congressman, and later a

signer of the Declaration of Independence, secured for his nephew the position of guarding some of the military stores on one of the city wharves. A few months later the young man received an injury from which he very soon died. He was buried in the graveyard of Christ Church, not far from his home. The young widow of twenty-four continued to carry on the upholstery business that she and her husband had started three years before, applying herself to her work more diligently than ever.

One day, about a month before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Betsy Ross received a visit of great importance and interest from three prominent men. These were George Ross, of whom we have already spoken, Robert Morris, one of the commanding figures of the Revolution and also a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and no less a person than the great George Washington himself, at that time on a visit to Philadelphia. In the little room at the rear of her house in Arch Street, Mrs. Ross received her visitors and heard what they had to say.

George Ross had told Washington that the widow of his nephew, John Ross, was an excellent needlewoman, and had brought him to ask her if she could make a flag. Betsy Ross said that she had never made one, but she could try. Then the gentlemen showed her a rough design which she carefully examined. The stars in the drawing were six-pointed and the clever young woman at once

called their attention to the fact that five-pointed stars would be much better. They admitted that they thought so, too, but they believed that the five-pointed stars would be much more difficult to make. With a snip of her scissors Mrs. Ross explained to them how simple it was to make them, and they changed their design according to her suggestion.

After the three men had gone away Betsy Ross went to a shipping merchant whose name they had given her, and borrowed an old ship's colour, so that she might learn exactly how a flag was made. In a few days a new design was sent to her, beautifully coloured by a very good artist. This new design had thirteen five-pointed stars arranged in a circle on a blue field, with thirteen stripes, alternating red and white. Betsy Ross at once set to work on the first flag, putting her finest and most exquisite stitches into the task. When it was finished, the men who had commissioned her to do the work were so delighted with the result that they ordered her to make as many flags as she could, and supplied her with the money to buy the bunting.

The first flag was run up to the peak of one of the vessels lying at the wharf in the Delaware River and was welcomed with shouts and cheers from the spectators. What actually became of this flag is not known, but the pattern of it was approved by Congress not long after the making. The words of the flag resolution read: "Resolved,

that the flag of the thirteen United States shall be thirteen stripes, alternating white and red, and that the Union be thirteen white stars on a blue field."

The very day after the flag resolution was adopted Mrs. Betsy Ross married Joseph Ashburn, a sea captain in the merchant marine service. She continued her upholstery business after her second marriage, occupying herself very busily while her husband was far away on his dangerous voyages on the sea. He was finally captured by the English and sent to a military prison near Plymouth, where not long afterwards he died. John Claypoole, a fellow prisoner, who had been an officer in the United States Army, was released soon after the death of Joseph Ashburn, and returned to his home in Philadelphia, bringing with him the dying messages of his friend to Mrs. Ashburn and her two daughters. This was the beginning of a warm friendship between Betsy Ross Ashburn and young Claypoole, which resulted in their marriage.

John Claypoole received an appointment in the Custom House and Betsy continued her now prosperous business. On account of the wounds he had received and the hardships he had endured in prison, her husband was never very strong again, and before many years became a confirmed invalid. But Betsy Claypoole had more strength and courage than many men, and she kept her shoulder firmly to the wheel, continuing to make flags for the govern-



ment for more than fifty years. Her four Claypoole daughters assisted her in this work, and one of them made flags for twenty years after the death of her mother.

Betsy Ross lived to be eighty-four years old, and died in 1836. She was completely blind for some years before her death, but her energy and diligence still persisted, for she sewed strips of rags together for rugs and carpets, allowing one of her grandchildren to sort the colours for her. We must not only remember her as the woman who made the first flag, but as a fine patriotic and true citizen of this country. She was sometimes spoken of as the "Little Rebel."

There is no portrait of Betsy Ross in existence, although there are several of her daughters. She was known to be vivacious and attractive to look upon, however, and must really have made a very charming picture. There is a painting by Charles Weisgerber called the "Birth of Our Nation's Flag," which shows Betsy Ross as the artist imagined her, sitting before the old fireplace in the Arch Street house, consulting with her three noted visitors about the new flag.

On the front of the old Flag House at 239 Arch Street are the words: "Birthplace of Old Glory." The house itself is now the property of the Betsy Ross Memorial Association, and the front room is used as a little shop or salesroom. The old Ross pew in Christ Church is marked with a national



flag. Betsy herself is buried in the Mount Moriah Burying Ground.

*“The simple stone of Betsy Ross  
Is covered now with mold and moss,  
But still her deathless banner flies  
And keeps the colour of the skies.  
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,  
A nation follows where it leads.”*

## VII

### Martin Luther

#### *The Founder of Protestant Civilisation*

MARTIN LUTHER fought for his religious beliefs as truly as any soldier ever fought for his country. In his wonderful book called *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Thomas Carlyle says: "Luther, too, was of our spiritual Heroes: A Prophet to his country and time." And yet this great man was of very humble parentage, and for a long time no one ever dreamed that his name would be one of the greatest in history.

Martin was the son of Hans Luther, a poor mine labourer, who lived in the village of Mohrä, not far from the Thuringian Forest, in Germany. He was born at Eisleben, in the province of Saxony, where his parents had gone to visit the fair, in 1483, the same year that the great painter, Raphael, was born in Italy. He had six brothers and sisters, and as the family had very little money to live on, he was sometimes sent out to beg for alms in the street, as small boys often did in those days.

Hans Luther was a good and religious man, although he was very stern and strict with his children. He wanted to have them receive good educations, and denied himself many things on their account. Soon after the birth of Martin, the Luthers moved to Mansfeld, a valley town, a few miles from Mohrä. The father and mother worked as hard as they could and never wasted a moment of their time, and before many years had passed, they had their reward and became more prosperous than they had ever been before. Mr. Luther was respected in the town and was made an elder in the church.

The boy, Martin, was not a strong and husky child. But he loved his books and studied faithfully at school so that he would be a credit to his worthy father. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the college at Erfurt, at the age of twenty-one and began to study law, as his father earnestly wished him to do. He did not feel, however, that this was his true calling, and the loss of a dear friend and a strong religious tendency finally decided him to devote his life to the service of God. Shortly after this he entered the Augustine convent as a monk.

This decision of his son was a great disappointment to Mr. Luther, and he consented to it much against his will. Martin was obliged to work very hard indeed at the convent, harder than he had ever worked in his whole life before, but at the end of

two years, when he was ordained a priest, he was very happy. About the same time he became a professor at the college of Wittenberg, where the Elector, Frederick the Wise of Saxony, had founded a university a year or two before. (An Elector was one of the great princes who elected the Emperor or King.)

Not long after this Luther and another monk were sent on a special mission to Rome, where Pope Julius II ruled in regal splendour. The two travelers walked the entire distance, taking about six weeks to make the journey. Luther was shocked and amazed at the worldliness of the old Italian city and, after he had seen it, exclaimed: "If there is a hell, Rome must be built above it."

After his return to Wittenberg, Luther began to preach, and before long thousands flocked to hear his remarkable sermons. He wrote religious pamphlets and philosophical books, and the people began to wonder who this outspoken young man might be. He was a great thinker, and he could not agree with all the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

After the death of Pope Julius II, in 1513, Leo X succeeded him. The great Italian master, Raphael, painted wonderful portraits of both of these popes, which are in the Pitti Palace in Florence. Things had gone from bad to worse in Rome, and when the Pope wanted more money



to build the great church of St. Peter's, he acquired it by the sale of pardons for the forgiveness of sins, which were called Indulgences. People believed that the Pope had the power to forgive them anything, if they paid something for the privilege.

Martin Luther did not believe that the Pope had the power to forgive people their sins, and he felt that it was wrong for them to pay for this forgiveness when God alone had the true power to pardon anyone. Indulgences had been sold for a long time, but they had never been used to such an extent before. A dominican friar named Tetzel settled not far from Wittenberg and attracted Luther's indignation by his wholesale distribution of papal indulgences. He determined to do something about this practise, and exclaimed: "God willing, I will beat a hole in his drum!" Then he proceeded to do this very thing.

Luther now took a definite stand and openly denounced the sale of these indulgences in ninety-five theses which he nailed to the door of Wittenberg Church. This act was his first move towards a break with the Roman Catholic Church, and was the beginning of the great religious movement known as the Reformation, which later swept all over Europe, after which many nations separated their churches from the Church of Rome.

Before long these ninety-five theses of Martin Luther were spread broadcast throughout the coun-



try. At first the Pope was amused by the disturbance caused by this unknown German, but he soon saw that the trouble was serious. He commanded Luther to appear in Rome within sixty days, and then ordered him to be seized. The Emperor Maximilian of Germany and the Elector Frederick of Saxony were both wise and good men, and they did not wish to see one of their subjects condemned without a hearing, so they intervened in his favour. The Elector Frederick obtained a guarantee of safety for Luther, and finally succeeded in getting him a hearing at Augsburg, in Germany, instead of at Rome.

Luther refused to retract what he had said, when he appeared before the Diet of the Empire, and no reconciliation was established. (A Diet is a council or congress that meets to decide something.) He went back to Wittenberg and continued to teach Church history and to write religious publications, preaching frequently to many thousands of students. His ninety-five theses had set the country talking about him, and they became known as his Resolutions. He was now thoroughly convinced of the justice of his cause and determined to stick to his statements and to fight the matter to a finish. An envoy of the Pope tried again to bring about a reconciliation between him and Rome, but this, too, proved unsuccessful. Luther declared that every lay member of the Church who held to the Holy

Scriptures was more to be believed than Popes and Councils who did not.

The doctrines of Luther soon began to spread throughout Europe, and his name was on everyone's lips. He continued to issue treatises against the supremacy of the Pope, one of which was called *The Freedom of Christian Man*. In 1519, Charles V succeeded Maximilian as Emperor, and although he was a good man and a just man, his sympathies were not with Luther, and he received little help from this quarter.

You see, Charles V was the grandson of Maximilian of Germany on one side, and the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain on the other, which made matters rather complicated for him. At the age of sixteen he became King of Spain, and three years later, Emperor of Germany as well. The Spanish people were devout Catholics, so when Charles succeeded his grandfather Maximilian, as Emperor of Germany, he was greatly upset by the disturbance that Martin Luther had caused throughout the country. He ordered his writings to be burned, and this gave the Pope renewed courage, and he issued a new bull (a papal edict or a letter of the Pope containing some decree or decision) against Luther, condemning him to death. Luther destroyed the paper and the Pope excommunicated him and all his followers from the Church.

In 1521 Luther was summoned before a Diet at

Worms, a place situated on the river Rhine, in the southwestern portion of Germany. All the nobles and princes and bishops and archbishops of the realm were there, and you may be sure they presented a very formidable aspect to Martin Luther, as he stood there alone before them. The princes were anxious to have him receive fair play, however, and they admired his courage. Some of them were even in sympathy with his views. When asked to retract what he had said, Luther only answered: "Prove to me out of the Scriptures that I am wrong, and I submit, till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me; Amen." Not long after this the ban of the Empire was pronounced against him, which meant that he was deprived of his rights and privileges.

The Elector Frederick continued to be a true friend to Martin Luther, and when he found that his life was in danger he managed to have him kidnapped and carried away to Wartburg Castle, in a remote spot near Eisenach, where he remained in hiding for some months. While there he was treated with every courtesy and kindness and was permitted to hunt and ride and to spend his time as he wished. It was during this period that Luther began his great translation of the Bible. He also wrote his first series of sermons.

The religious reformation that Luther himself had started was now well under way, and great

confusion existed everywhere, without the leader of the movement to keep things straight. Monks left the convents and took up trades, people went about smashing the images in the churches, and over-zealous men incited people to violence by their preaching. Luther realised that something must be done, and he escaped from his castle prison and appeared openly in Wittenberg, where he preached against the riot that raged everywhere, until gradually the excitement died down and he returned to Wartburg. There was great political as well as religious disturbance on all sides, and it was many years before absolute peace and calm were again restored to Europe.

Martin Luther married Katharina von Bora, a lady of noble family, who had once been a nun. They lived happily together and had several children. Two nieces, two nephews, an aunt and several university students lived with them in an old cloister at Wittenberg, where Luther was a professor at the university, so you can see they had quite a large family. The great reformer enjoyed greater comfort than he had ever had before, and he loved his home and his garden and spent many happy hours among his flowers. He knew all about the different birds and their habits, and would often tell the children delightful stories about them.

Luther's activities in behalf of his new faith did not cease. His followers increased daily and his



name was mentioned with more and more respect as time went on. Further attempts to reconcile the two rival religious parties failed and the breach gradually grew wider and wider. The Peace of Nuremberg put an end to any violent demonstrations from either party and permitted the great Reformation to live on without molestation.

In 1546 Luther completed his translation of the Bible. He wrote many other books, and his last work was a commentary on the Book of Genesis, which he ended with these words: "I am weak and can do no more; Pray God He may grant me a happy and peaceful death." He died the following year, and every respect and honour was paid to him. He was a reformer in the highest sense of the word. Carlyle said: "I will call this Luther, a true great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men." This is a great deal to say about any man, and shows what a fine character he must have been.

Lutheranism was the original faith established by Martin Luther and his associates, and named for him. The name Protestant came from the protests made by the Elector of Saxony and some of the other princes of the Empire, against the action of a certain council which refused to allow any changes in the old religion.

Here is a verse from one of Luther's hymns, which was called *The Battle Hymn of the Refor-*



mation, so that you can see what beautiful thoughts he had :

*“ A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper he amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great;  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.”*

## VIII

### John Wesley

#### *The Founder of Methodism*

**J**OHN WESLEY was born more than two hundred years after Martin Luther, in the year 1703. His life covered almost the entire eighteenth century, for he lived until 1791. During this time four different rulers sat upon the throne of England, Queen Anne, and the first, second and third Georges. Many great men lived in those years,—Addison, Steele, Pope, Burke, Smollett, Romney, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted beautiful pictures which I told you all about in another little book called *Do You Know Them?*

England was a very worldly place in the days of John Wesley. People gave little thought to church-going or to religion; even the ministers did not spend their hours very wisely, and many of them were more concerned with their amusements than with the welfare of their flock. Most people thought more of pleasure than of anything else in the world.

John Wesley was of Puritan ancestry, and was

born in the little town of Epworth, where his father, the Reverend Samuel Wesley, preached his weekly sermons. Mr. Wesley was a man of good education whom the poet Pope called a "learned man." He wrote a *Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ* in verse, which pleased Queen Mary very much indeed. His wife was a woman of fine character and the mother of nineteen children. She brought up her children with much wisdom and care, holding regular weekly talks with them as they grew older, which were a great help to them in after life.

The first great event of John Wesley's life was the burning of the rectory where his family lived. One night when the children were all asleep the house caught fire, and in the excitement that followed, John was forgotten. A neighbour heard him call for help and rescued him just before the roof fell in. Not long after this exciting adventure this small boy had another unpleasant one, which his mother said he bore with much patience and forbearance; this was an attack of small-pox.

There was a ghost which the Wesleys said haunted the old rectory, and whom they affectionately named "Old Jeffery." Old Jeffery must have been a very pleasant ghost, for none of the children seemed to be in the least afraid of him.

Mr. Wesley was a stern father and brought up his children with great strictness. Many of them lived to be a credit to him, especially his second son,

John, and Charles, five years younger, who became known as the "poet of Methodism," and who wrote more than six thousand hymns during his lifetime. Some of these were: *Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending*; *Hark! the Herald Angels Sing*; and *The Strife is o'er, the Battle Won*, all of which are sung in church today. Samuel Wesley, the oldest brother, became a teacher at Westminster School, in London, while a sister, Hetty, also wrote verse and distinguished herself as a student of Greek.

When John was still very young he was sent to Westminster School in London, and from there to the Charterhouse. In those days public school life was not nearly so pleasant as it is today, and a young boy was forced to endure all sorts of hardships and was often badly knocked about by the older ones. John Wesley said that while he was at school in London he had little to eat but bread, which would not suit most boys very well today. He was quiet and modest and obedient as a child, and early became familiar with the Holy Scriptures. Perhaps one reason why he lived so long, and kept such good health, was because he followed his father's good advice and ran around the school green three times every morning.

After Wesley left the Charterhouse he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he remained for several years. Although some distance from home, he was never far from his mother's help and



guidance and he found great comfort in her letters and from the advice which she gave him. His father wished him to become a minister, but he felt better fitted for a collegiate life and went about his studies with great seriousness. But at the age of twenty-two he became a deacon and began to think more deeply of religion. Two books he read at this time made a lasting impression on him: *Holy Living and Dying*, by Jeremy Taylor, and *Of the Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis, a very good man who lived many years before John Wesley.

After his graduation from Christ Church, Wesley was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College, with which place he was connected for more than twenty-five years. Lincoln was a college of men who were occupied with the science of religion, usually called theologians. Wesley was Greek lecturer there, which does not mean that he lectured in Greek; it was only a name, and what he really did was to teach and to give religious instruction to some of the undergraduates.

When Wesley had been at Lincoln College for a short time, his father begged him to come home to Epworth and be his curate. At last he consented, and spent two years at his father's parish, which work he found not very much to his taste. In 1728 he was ordained a priest, and not long afterwards returned to Lincoln at the earnest request of the rector of the College.

Wesley now joined a small club of young men who had agreed to meet regularly to read the Greek Testament and the classics during the week, and the Holy Scriptures on Sundays. This was for their own improvement and to help them to guide and instruct the students at the college in a wiser way. They also worked among the poor and did good, something in the manner of a small Young Men's Christian Association. Charles Wesley and two other young men were already members of this society and old Mr. Wesley heartily approved of this new work of his sons. The little group met so regularly that they soon became known as "Methodists."

As the years passed by, Mr. Wesley grew more and more anxious that his son, John, should succeed him as Rector of Epworth. John did not feel that he was best fitted for the work of a parish church and he hated to leave Oxford because he felt that he could really do more good there than he could at Epworth. He worked very hard indeed, and always rose at four or five o'clock in the morning, so that he would not waste a single minute of his valuable time.

When John was thirty-two years old, his father died and someone else began to preach at Epworth. About this time Wesley joined an expedition that was going from England to Georgia, under the direction of General Oglethorpe. Wesley imagined that he would convert the Indians in this country

and he was sadly disappointed when he found himself acting in the capacity of parish priest to the new settlers, the very task which he had succeeded in avoiding in England. His two years in America were not entirely successful, and he was glad to come home again at the end of that time. The most important thing about Wesley's excursion was his meeting a number of members of the Moravian faith, who greatly influenced his own religious beliefs and ideas.

When he was once more in England, Wesley began to seriously doubt his own Christianity. He was a truly upright and honest man, but he soon convinced himself that he had never been a true Christian in his life. He decided to learn from the Moravians the way to be a better servant of Christ. Peter Böhler, a certain German among them, had a strong influence upon him. Wesley described him as one "who amazed me more and more, by the account he gave of the fruits of living faith." He found that the Moravian faith coincided more with his own religious ideas than any other, but it did not entirely satisfy him. Gradually, little by little, the Methodists separated from the Moravians and formed their own separate religious society.

Wesley said of his new faith: "Our main doctrines which include all the rest are these: That of repentance, of faith, and of holiness. The first of these we account, as it were, the porch of religion;

the next the door; the third, religion itself." His great object in life was to do good, and to this end he spent his time and unfailing efforts.

Methodism soon developed into an active organisation and Wesley traveled far and wide throughout the country preaching and teaching the truths of this new religion. His way was not an easy one, for he met with great opposition; but nothing really worth while is ever accomplished without a struggle, and most of the time this great religious pioneer fought his way inch by inch and step by step, always with undaunted courage and determination. He was laughed at, stoned, and mocked, many, many times, and once he was even arrested. But he fought bravely on, spreading his teachings wherever he went, and begging all who heard him to believe the great truths that he taught them.

Another minister named Herrick called Wesley "The finest illustration of consecrated, unselfish, whole-hearted devotion, for fifty solid years of this old world's dark history, that the Church of Christ has ever offered to the vision of men, perhaps to that of angels."

In the eighteenth century men did not travel in railroad trains or in automobiles as they do today. In those days they went by coach or on horseback, and it was far from an easy thing for anyone to get from one town to another, especially in bad weather. Wesley journeyed on horseback, usually



reading a book on the way. In his diary he said that although he rode more than a hundred thousand miles on horseback, only two horses ever stumbled because he rode with a slack rein. He often rode fifty miles in a single day, sometimes preaching in two or three different places in between times. He traveled by daylight and by moonlight, in fair weather and in driving rain; once he was even caught in an earthquake.

John Wesley preached in the market-places, in the fields, in prisons, in cathedrals, in poor-houses and in palaces, on land and on sea. To all sorts and conditions of men he told the truths of his religious faith. But there were many other things he did besides preaching; he started a labour factory and the Poor Man's Bank, as well as the first medical dispensary for the poor in London. No wonder people remember his name with respect and affection now.

Wesley's four resolutions with regard to his own behaviour were:

1. To use absolute openness and unreserve with all I should converse with.
2. To labour after continued seriousness, not willingly indulging myself in any the least levity of behaviour or in laughter; no, not for a moment.
3. To speak no word which does not tend to the glory of God; in particular not to talk of worldly things. Others may, nay must. But what is that to thee? And,

4. To take no pleasure which does not tend to the glory of God ; thanking God every moment for all I do take, and therefore rejecting every sort and degree of it, which I feel I cannot so thank him in and for.

The last years of John Wesley's life did not bring him ease and comfort. As old age crept upon him he did not slacken his efforts or cease his remarkable activities. At seventy we find him preaching to thirty thousand people, with the same enthusiasm and strength of his earlier days. He had married a widow of none too amiable a disposition when he was fifty, and, unfortunately, this marriage brought him little joy or happiness. He found his greatest pleasure in helping others.

When Wesley was over eighty he visited Holland and preached to the Dutch people. He was greatly impressed by their reverence. He said in his diary : " I am as strong at eighty-one as I was at twenty-one." At eighty-six he sat for his portrait to the great painter, Romney. He had had an earlier one painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Towards the close of his life he said of the Methodists : " God has at length made our enemies to be at peace with us." He died at the age of eighty-eight, preaching up to the very end. One of the last things he said was : " The best of all is, God is with us."

These words are from a beautiful hymn that John Wesley translated from the German :

*“In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that dark, final hour  
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,  
That I may love Thee without end.”*

## IX

### Elizabeth Fry

#### *A Worker for Prison Reform*

**T**HE name of Elizabeth Fry may be a new one to you. The contents page will tell you what she stood for, and I am going to tell you something about her great and unselfish work.

Elizabeth Gurney was born in 1780, and was the daughter of John Gurney, a wealthy merchant of Norwich, England, and later of Earlham Hall. Her mother was a very beautiful woman, one of eleven children. Mrs. Gurney was greatly beloved by all her family and her death was a cruel blow to her husband and children. She left seven daughters and four sons behind her; these were, Catherine, Rachel, Elizabeth (or Betsy, as she was always called), John, Richenda, Hannah, Louisa, Priscilla, Samuel, Joseph John, and Daniel. A twelfth child had died in infancy.

Earlham Hall was a large, attractive house with a wonderful garden, and the Gurney children had great fun romping and playing games all over the house and grounds. Betsy was not a strong child, but she was full of life and energy and she loved



to dance and sing and ride horseback, and all the other things that young people enjoy. She was very pretty and could dance and sing unusually well. When she was a little girl she was very timid and had a great dislike for the dark, but as she grew older she also grew more courageous.

For anyone who loved to play as much as she did, Betsy Gurney was strangely serious and thoughtful. There were times when she believed that she was really a very naughty girl and reproved herself for her faults and shortcomings when she wrote in her diary. At seventeen she wrote: "Pride and vanity are too much the incentives to most of the actions of men." Doesn't that sound serious for anyone so young?

When the Gurney girls grew up they became known as "the seven beautiful Gurney sisters," and were very much admired by everyone who saw them. They went to a good many parties and Earlham Hall was often filled with their young friends, who loved to visit the happy Gurney family. They were all well content with their lives and with the world in general, and the pleasant, care-free days flew by, all too fast.

When Betsy was about sixteen she heard an American minister preach a sermon that impressed her so strongly that she decided to give up society and devote her entire life to good works. This was a great blow to her brothers and sisters, who adored their gay little sister and considered her the

life of all their parties. But in spite of all their persuasion Betsy remained firm in her decision to renounce the pleasures of the world. She laid aside all jewelry and pretty clothes and, after a time, actually adopted the plain little grey dress and white kerchief of the Quakers.

It was hard for this pretty young girl to give up all the things she loved so well, but once she had made up her mind, nothing could change her. She opened a little school which started with a single pupil. This was the beginning of her life of good work, and the school grew and grew until there were more than eighty scholars who answered the roll call. And the little teacher was very happy over her success.

Then one day, just when Betsy had settled down to her quiet life and work, something happened that upset everything and turned the whole world topsy-turvy again. Brother John brought a former schoolmate home with him one night, a young Quaker named Joseph Fry. As soon as his eye fell on pretty Betsy this worthy gentleman lost no time in falling in love with her. What a hard time she had making up her mind whether it would be right for her to marry him or not! The decision took her several months, but Joseph was a persistent person who was not easily discouraged, and he kept on asking her to marry him until she simply had to consent.

When Betsy Gurney married Joseph Fry she

moved away from the sunny gardens of Earlham Hall and went to live in the dark and stately rooms of a London house. She loved her Joseph dearly, but everything was so different and so much more stiff and formal than it had been at home, that she often longed for her own dear family. There were so many Fry relations, too! The house was always filled with Frys or visiting Quakers and the young couple scarcely ever had a meal alone. But young Mrs. Fry kept up her courage and interested herself in the Society of Friends and, after a time, was made one of their ministers.

When living in London, Mrs. Fry's attention was called to the bad condition of women prisoners in that city. She went to the governor herself and begged his permission to visit these unfortunate creatures and to do what she could for them. Although the governor and everyone else thought her idea very foolish, he gave his consent and allowed her to go to Newgate Prison. What a sight she saw! Half-clothed women and children huddled together on the floor in a hopeless state of filth and grime which made her feel ill. She brought them what clothes she could and talked to them for some time. When she left she promised to return soon again.

After a few more visits to the prison, Mrs. Fry started a school for the children of the prisoners, choosing a girl from among the women to teach them. This girl, Mary Connor, had been sent to

jail for stealing a watch. When she found that she had real work to do, and that she was trusted, she never broke another rule in the prison and was finally released on account of her good behaviour. Many of the other women formed classes for their own instruction and were so pleased to have something to do and to have someone take any sort of interest in them, that their conduct began to show a marked improvement.

Very little had been done towards prison reform at that time, and the jails were left in such terrible condition that the prisoners frequently continued to be wicked because they had nothing better to do. People were hanged for very small crimes, and all punishments were much more severe than they are now. One girl was hanged for stealing a few shillings' worth of cloth, and others for equally petty offences. It was a long time before these severe laws changed and were made more just.

Mrs. Fry soon extended her work from Newgate to other prisons. She believed that busy people do not often get into mischief, so she tried to supply all the idle prisoners with useful work for their hands and their minds. In a short time there was a great change for the better in many of the prisons, which was largely due to her earnest efforts in that direction.

Mrs. Fry was invited to visit the prisons of Ireland and Scotland and, later, many others in



Europe. News of her success in this work spread abroad and people hastened to ask her advice and help. She also instigated improvements in hospital conditions and interested herself in the lonely Coast Guard stations and sent them many books to read. She received an audience with Queen Victoria and was invited to dine with kings and queens of other nations. Everywhere her name was mentioned with great respect and admiration.

You must not imagine that Elizabeth Fry neglected her home and family in order to do her splendid prison reform work. She must have been one of those women who can manage a home and a career at the same time. At any rate, she had eleven children whom she loved devotedly, and who were sincerely proud of their mother.

Elizabeth's own brothers and sisters grew up and separated as time went on. Some married and others lived on at the old home, and still others quietly slipped away to a better world. Joseph John became a minister of the Society of Friends. Betsy Gurney Fry never forgot any of them, and they were constantly in her thoughts, although she could not often be with them.

Towards the end of her life, Elizabeth Fry and her family lost a good deal of money. Mrs. Fry did not miss the money for herself, but she grieved because she could not still give freely to all those whom she longed to help. She continued her activities until the time of her death, in 1845. She was

survived by a large family of children and grandchildren, who deeply mourned her loss.

The name of Elizabeth Fry should be remembered by all of us because of her self-sacrificing and noble work in behalf of prison reform. She was one of the pioneers in this field, and her labours have been of great benefit to the whole world.

## X

### General Booth

#### *The Founder of the Salvation Army*

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH was the first Commander of the great Salvation Army, whose troops are now spread far and wide all over the world. In a book of his life called *The Prophet of the Poor*, Thomas Coates said: "What Wesley dreamed, William Booth realised." These two fine men have often been spoken of as similar in character, and you have already read about John Wesley in another part of this little book, so you know how hard he tried to help people to live better lives.

William Booth was born in Nottingham, England, in 1829. His father was a busy tradesman who was prosperous for a time, but who later lost all his money. His mother was a sweet and gentle character, who exerted a splendid influence over her children.

William was a most independent little boy, and from his earliest childhood he showed a great interest in the poor and needy and was always ready to help people who were less fortunate than himself.

When he was very young he began to be interested in social reform. He often visited the slums to see how the poor children in those districts lived.

Revival meetings were something that William Booth very much liked to attend. The work of evangelists appealed to him strongly—you know an evangelist is a traveling preacher or revivalist, a sort of missionary, who goes about from place to place trying to awaken people to new faith and trust in God. He began preaching in the streets when he was very young, in company with some other young men who were equally interested in good work. They visited the sick and the needy and held funeral services for those who had no one else to do it for them.

William Booth dearly loved his home in Nottingham and was very happy there. While he was still at school his father lost all his money, and the boy was obliged to give up his education. After that he became more deeply interested in religion than ever and he and his friends continued to hold their meetings and services. These were often far from quiet and orderly, and sometimes stones were thrown and people screamed and shouted at what was said. But even this did not discourage the earnest young reformer.

When William was eighteen, his father died and he went up to London to see if he could find some work to do. He had no money and he wanted to earn enough to support his widowed mother.



As he knew no one in the great city and had scarcely any experience, the task before him did not look very easy. At last he secured a position as a clerk and for a long time spent all his leisure hours working among the very poor. Finally, he gave up his regular work and devoted all his time to preaching and working in the slums. He felt that that was the place where he could be of the greatest service to mankind.

Because of some of his independent ideas which were contrary to the regular doctrines of the Methodists, William Booth became separated from the church. He loved the evangelical work much more than preaching in a parish, and when the Methodists wished him to give up this form of work, he gave up the ministry instead.

While working in London, William Booth had met Miss Catherine Mumford, another earnest helper among the poor. Because of her views Miss Mumford also became separated from the Church, and they were first drawn together on this account. Some time later they were married, and Mrs. Booth proved herself a woman of unusual character and high ideals and a great help to her husband. He spoke of her in these words: "We were one in heart, soul and purpose from the time of our first meeting." In later years she became known as the "Mother of the Salvation Army," and thousands learned to love her dearly.

The Booths had several children, all of whom

helped to carry on their work among the poor. The oldest son, Bramwell, worked side by side with his father for many years, and the daughters greatly distinguished themselves in connection with the Salvation Army. Their son-in-law, Mr. Booth-Tucker, wrote a biography of Mrs. Booth, which gives a very good idea of her beautiful life and work.

After William Booth definitely gave up his connection with the Methodists, he and his wife traveled about preaching to people. Wherever they could find enough people to listen to them they preached, in schools, churches, mission halls, and once in a circus. Many who heard them repented of their sins and began to lead better lives on that account. After a time ministers of various churches began to invite William Booth to come and preach to their people, because they realised his great power as a preacher and how much he was able to help all who heard him.

When he had been working with the poor in different places for some years, Booth settled down in the slums of London. He collected all the worst gaol-birds, sinners and reprobates he could, and allowed them to tell their experiences to others who came to his meetings. These people he called the "Hallelujah Band." He held services in a tent in the East-end, and this was the beginning of the Salvation Army, although it was not known under that name for a long time. For a while they had

services in an old dance hall, and again in a stable or a carpenter-shop, a bowling alley, a theatre, and even a beer-house.

The efforts of William Booth met with much opposition, and many were greatly shocked by his sensational methods of doing things. These people did not understand that strong methods were needed to approach the kind of person whom they were trying to reform. When they found fault with what they called the noisy way that the Booths did things, Mrs. Booth said: "It is impossible to have war without noise." She meant that they were soldiers who were actually fighting for people's salvation.

If we only work hard enough, and if we are truly trying to help others, some day people find it out, and this was what happened at last to William Booth. Little by little as the years went by, people began to appreciate how much good he was really doing for the poor. Those who knew and understood what he was trying to do no longer laughed at him, and many important men of the day honestly sang his praises. Heads of factories even allowed their men to leave work early to attend his meetings, because they found that they became better men on account of them.

The headquarters where the Booths carried on their work were known as the "Christian Mission." When someone asked William Booth what the Christian Mission was he replied: "A Volun-

teer Army.” This suggested another idea to him, and from that time he called it the “Salvation Army” instead. He himself became the “General,” and eventually put his entire organisation on a military basis, with commandants, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and sergeants, just as there are in the regular army. Uniforms were not worn at first, but today we are all familiar with the simple blue dress of the Salvation Army officers, whom we so often see on the streets. Their magazine was called the “War Cry,” and their Annual Conference was known as the “War Congress.”

The death of Mrs. Booth was a great blow to her family and to all who loved her as the “Mother of the Salvation Army.” She had been the General’s devoted wife for forty years, and he felt her loss very keenly. More than thirty thousand people attended her Memorial Service. Her last words to the public were:

“My dear Children and Friends,—I have loved you so much, and in God’s strength have helped you a little. Now at His call, I am going away from you. The War must go on. Self-Denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something. I send you my blessing: Fight on, and God be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in heaven.

“CATHERINE BOOTH.”

The year after his wife’s death General Booth published a book called *In Darkest England and*



*the Way Out.* In this he told all about his work and what the Salvation Army had done for the poor. No one was too bad or too degraded to receive help from them, and he told of the Shelters where they could always have a roof for the night, and the Industrial Workshops and Rescue Homes, and all the other things that were provided for their good.

In the last few years the work of the Salvation Army has grown tremendously. In 1922 there were many thousands of officers working in this country alone, and more than two million beds were supplied to the poor and needy. Nearly half a million Christmas dinners were provided, as well as summer outings for the children, free employment bureaus, hospitals and industrial homes. In the Boer War and the late European War they distinguished themselves by their work with the soldiers.

Many honours were lavished on General Booth in the latter part of his life. He was entertained by King Edward and Queen Alexandra of England, and was given the Freedom of the City of London. On this occasion the City Chamberlain said: "General Booth has built up imperishable monuments to his fame—rescue homes, shelters, workshops, labour and emigration schemes, the reform of thousands of poor outcasts, their visible transformation into active agents for good. These monuments of work well done will outlive decay's

effacing fingers, will perpetuate his memory long after time has pulled to pieces the monument erected over his dust, and will leave his name cherished with honour by generations yet unborn as it is today by thousands throughout the world." The General died in 1912.

General Booth explained the religion of the Salvation Army in these few words: "The religion of the Salvation Army is very simple; anyone can understand it. It says to a man: 'You must worship God, consecrate yourself to His service and do what you can for the benefit of your family and friends. You must persevere as the days go by, and so should you have a peaceful death-bed and a blissful immortality.'" This is not a difficult religion to follow, and it has made many thousands into better men and women.

## XI

### Friedrich Wilhelm Froebel

#### *The Man Who Invented the Kindergarten*

**F**RIEDRICH FROEBEL was a little German boy whose father was a pastor of a Lutheran Church at Oberweiss back in Thuringia. He was born in 1782, and soon after his birth his mother died, and his father married again in order to have someone to take care of his five motherless little boys. All went well until the new mother had children of her own, and then Friedrich found that he was left very much to himself and to the care of the servants and his older brothers, whenever they felt like paying any attention to him.

Little Friedrich Froebel had a very lonely childhood, as you can easily imagine. His father taught him to read, but he did not learn easily and found it a most difficult task. On account of a disagreement with the head of the district school where they lived, Herr Froebel was unable to send his children there to be educated. Friedrich received rather a hit-or-miss education until he was about ten years old, studying sometimes at home with his father

and sometimes at the girls' school in the village. What he learned was largely hymns and Bible texts. He cared very little for books, but he loved all the beautiful things out of doors, and would have liked to spend all his time in the fields and the woods.

When he was ten years old something most agreeable happened to Friedrich. He was sent to live with an uncle at Ilm, and he soon found that this was a far more cheerful existence than his life at home. Uncle Hoffman had lost his own wife and child, and he was so lonely that he was very happy to have his little nephew with him. He did everything in his power to make things pleasant for Friedrich, and four years later it was with real regret that the boy returned to his own home.

As Friedrich grew older he still clung to his love of out-door things. One of his favourite studies was botany, and he was so interested in the flowers and trees that he found along the road and in the woods that he loved to learn all about them. When he was fifteen he was apprenticed to a forester and began a work which he enjoyed very much.

Although at first Friedrich had not cared at all for books or studying, little by little as the years went by, he became more and more interested in these things. His brother was a student of medicine at one of the universities and at last he decided to go there himself. His first attempt was not very successful and he soon went back to his forestry.



He became a surveyor in the service of the Bavarian government, and later managed a private estate. All this kept him a good deal in the open, and he loved the freedom and continued to take great pleasure in the beautiful things of nature.

It seemed very hard for Friedrich Froebel to make up his mind just what he wanted to do with his life. When Uncle Hoffman died, he left him some money, and this decided him to start out to study to become an architect. He went at once to Frankfort-on-the-Main, but the head of the school there told him to give up the idea because architecture was not his true vocation. He told him he would take him as a teacher in his school.

After this Friedrich tried university life again in order to prepare himself for his new task. This time he made better progress and showed such ability in the science of mineralogy that he was actually made an assistant in the Museum. In addition to this he taught arithmetic, drawing, physical geography and German in the middle classes in the Frankfort Model School. But before long he became dissatisfied because he believed he was not really well fitted for the position of a teacher, and that he needed further study himself. After two years he retired and became a private tutor for some very bad little boys whose parents were quite discouraged about them.

In 1813, Froebel enlisted in the infantry division of a prominent army corps in Dresden and spent a

short time as a soldier. You can see that by this time he had tried a great number of different occupations and must have had a good deal of valuable experience at least. In 1815 he finally made up his mind to devote his life to education and reform and started by taking some of his own brothers' sons to educate. He went to Greisheim and opened the Universal German Educational Institute. Before long the number of pupils increased and the reputation of the school spread abroad. Froebel's wife was also much interested in education and reform, and was a great help to him in every way. In eight years there were fifty-six pupils, and the school was an assured success.

While Froebel was trying out his methods of education in his school he also found time to write, and he finally published a book called *The Education of Man*. The title was a little deceptive, because the book really told all about the education of a child, as the author himself saw it. His ideas of education were quite different from any that people had been used to before, and there were many who did not approve of them. His schemes received much opposition, but he still continued to practice them.

Froebel became more and more interested in the education of very young children and, in 1829, he opened a school for little ones from three to seven years of age. He wished the children in his school to be taught as they always had been, but more

naturally and with greater freedom. This was the beginning of the kindergarten which we all know so well today. We should not forget that it was Froebel who originated this institution.

The great educator had a hard time trying to think of a name for his infant school. One day as he was wandering through the Swiss mountains he cried, almost in despair: "Oh, if I could only think of a good name for my youngest born!" Suddenly an idea came to him and the gloom disappeared from his face. "Eureka!" he exclaimed in delight, "Kindergarten shall the institution be called!" Perhaps you know that this word is a combination of two German words which mean, "children" and "garden," so the whole word really means, "children's garden."

Gradually people began to recognise the importance of Froebel's work and, in 1839, the government appointed him director of a large orphanage. About this time he opened two infant schools at Frankfort under the direction of masters whom he himself had trained for the positions.

The ideas of Froebel are very much better appreciated and understood today than they were when he was alive, which is often the way with people who try to teach the world something new. He believed that the education of the child should begin at birth and that it should be continued by the natural method. He thought that, above everything else, the child should be happy and contented

at his work, and he tried to impress people with this fact.

Froebel died in 1852, and was buried in Liebenstein. He was a truly religious man as well as a wise and good one, and after his death people began to realise how much he had really done for the benefit of education. In Thuringia, where he was born, his name is carved in large letters on the cliffs of a mountain pass.

The most popular of all Froebel's works was his *Mutter und Koselieder*, a picture and song book for mothers and children, which was published seventeen years after his *Education of Man*. Most of his books were written in a rather heavy style and were very serious in subject, so they were not very popular with the general public. They were difficult to read, but the thoughts that were hidden behind the long words and ponderous style were great and worthy of everyone's attention. In his *Mutter und Koselieder*, one of the things he says is:

“If your child's to understand,  
Things that other people do,  
You must let his tiny hand  
Carry out the same things too,  
This is the reason why,  
Never still,  
Baby will  
Imitate whatever's by,”



## XII

### Alexander Graham Bell

#### *The Inventor of the Telephone*

**Y**OU have all heard how Samuel Morse invented the telegraph, so now I am going to tell you the story of the man who invented the wonderful telephone, which we all use today.

Alexander Graham Bell was born in Scotland, in 1847, but his long life in this country made him as true an American citizen as anyone who had actually been born here. He was educated at the Royal High School in Edinburgh and then in London. His grandfather and father and his two brothers had all spent much of their time in the study of speech and sound, and for many years had taught and written a great deal on these subjects. When only a boy, Alexander constructed an artificial skull of gutta-percha and India rubber that would pronounce several words in strange far-away tones, when blown by hand-bellows. He was always constructing and inventing strange things of one kind or another.

At sixteen, young Alexander Bell became an instructor of deaf mutes in London and continued to

teach until he was threatened with tuberculosis, the disease of which his two brothers had died. In the hope of restoring his health the family moved to Canada and settled there. Soon after his arrival Alexander began to teach a tribe of Mohawk Indians a sign language called "Visible Speech," which his father had invented.

News spread afar about this remarkable young man and his work with the deaf, and he received an offer from the Boston Board of Education to introduce his system in a school for deaf mutes which had just been opened in that city. He accepted the offer, and his work was so successful that he was appointed a professor at Boston University when he was only twenty-four years old, at the same age that he opened a school of his own.

Alexander Bell distinguished himself as a teacher, but he soon found that this work left him but little time to continue his own inventions, which interested him more and more as the time went on. At last he decided to give up all but two of his pupils and to devote the rest of his time to his work. One of these pupils was Mabel Hubbard, who had lost her speech and hearing after an attack of scarlet fever at the age of three. Dr. Bell cured Miss Hubbard completely, and she afterwards married him. Her father, Gardner Hubbard, and a Mr. Saunders largely financed his inventions and made his work possible.

A great many people, before Bell, had tried to

make a telephone, but had failed. He, himself, did not believe that he had sufficient electrical knowledge to complete the invention, but when he said so to Professor Henry, at Washington, his friend said to him: "Then go and get it!" Which is exactly what Bell proceeded to do. "If I can make a deaf-mute talk, I can make iron talk," he said, when he set to work. For three years he worked in Mr. Saunders' cellar, experimenting in conveying speech from one place to another by means of an electrically charged wire. For a transmitter he used a dead man's ear, given to him by a friendly doctor. Day after day he worked far into the night, straining to catch some faint sound of a human voice over the wire.

After long months of ceaseless labour, Dr. Bell at last caught the first far-away sound. Encouraged by this cheering sign of success he worked harder than ever, trying to perfect his invention. Then one day, in a room in the house at Court Street, Boston, at the other end of the wire, his assistant, Watson, heard the faint but distinct words: "Watson, come here, I want you." It seemed too good to be true! Forty years later, Dr. Bell again said the same words over the wire, to Watson; but this time he was in New York, while Watson was in San Francisco, three thousand miles away.

On his twenty-ninth birthday Bell received the patent securing his rights as the inventor of the

telephone. For a long time people did not believe that this wonderful instrument could really prove successful. The London *Times* at first called it "an American humbug." Dr. Bell's patent, known as 174465, has been called the most important single patent issued in the whole history of invention. Today there are thirteen million telephones in this country, and more telephones in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company Building in New York than in the whole of Greece.

At its first exhibition the telephone was an old cigar box and two hundred feet of wire, with a magnet from a toy fishpond. This crude specimen was soon improved and perfected, however, and it was not long before people began to have telephones installed in their homes. Mark Twain was among the first to order one for his house in Hartford. His neighbours probably viewed his new purchase with admiration and envy, and I am sure it afforded him a great deal of pleasure. Three years later a conversation took place between Boston and Providence over a wire forty miles long, and two years after that, between New York and Philadelphia, a still greater distance.

When the Bell Telephone Company was formed Dr. Bell refused an offer of ten thousand dollars a year to become chief inventor for the company because he said he could not invent "to order." Although the telephone was his most important, it was not his only invention. With a man named



Tainter, he invented the graphophone. He invented a telephone probe which he used to find the bullet that killed President Garfield, and a boat which was known as a hydrodrome during the World War, and which was called the fastest boat in the world. He continued his interest in deaf mutes and was the founder of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, to which he gave \$250,000.

Dr. Bell spent his winters in Washington and his summers at his beautiful home at Cape Breton, in Nova Scotia. There, for thirty-five years, he enjoyed the charm and peace of the country, surrounded by his devoted family and friends. Up to the summer of his death, much of his time was spent in his laboratory, and he never lost interest in his work.

Among other accomplishments, Alexander Graham Bell was a good musician, and could play the piano by ear long before he could read or write. He had a fine voice and loved dearly to sing to his grandchildren or to have them join him in playing singing games. He was devoted to children, and all through Cape Breton there was scarcely a child who did not know and love him. And he was always very fond of animals, and liked to have them around him.

No matter what happened, Dr. Bell was never too tired or busy to talk to girls and boys. He was always ready to answer their questions and to

explain things to them. No wonder they loved him! There were special hours every day when he gave dictation, and at this time he never liked to be disturbed. But if his grandchildren were very, very quiet and never interrupted him even once, he would always allow them to come and sit in the room and listen. He kept a large candy-jar filled with the most delectable sweetmeats, just for them, and you may be sure they always knew exactly where to find it. He allowed them to watch him make his experiments and explained everything to them as carefully as if they had been learned scientists themselves. One of his granddaughters told me that he was never cross with them.

Sometimes, when he was not working, Dr. Bell would read out loud to the children; one of their favourite stories was *The Christmas Carol*, by Dickens. There were ten grandchildren in all, and they used to have the most wonderful times in the world. Their grandfather was such a splendid playfellow that they were always sure to be found wherever he was. Every day at dinner he had little slips of paper on which he had written some special items of interest to tell them about. Mrs. Bell was very deaf, and he always insisted that the children should never forget this, and that they be sure to talk directly to her so that she could understand everything that was said at the table. It is so easy for us to forget that deaf people cannot hear when we speak in our ordinary voice.

Alexander Graham Bell died at Cape Breton in the summer of 1922, at the age of seventy-five. At sunset on a beautiful August afternoon he was laid at rest on the summit of Beinn Bhreagh Mountain, in a tomb blasted out of solid Cape Breton rock. His coffin was made by his own laboratory staff in his own workshops. On the day of the funeral, at exactly twenty-five minutes past six in the evening, all the telephones of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company throughout the entire country ceased service for one minute, as a mark of respect to the dead inventor. Mrs. Bell never fully recovered from the shock of her husband's death, and died a few months later. She was ever a great source of encouragement and a devoted helpmate to Dr. Bell.

Alexander Graham Bell was honoured all over the world. The French government decorated him with the Legion of Honour and the French Academy gave him its fifty-thousand-franc prize. The Emperor of Japan bestowed on him the highest possible order, the "Rising Sun." He received honorary degrees from universities in many countries. When you hear people speak of the "Bell telephone" now, you will not think they mean the "bell" that is attached to it, as some people do, because you will know something about the real Bell, its great inventor.

## XIII

### Noah Webster

#### *The Man Who Wrote the Dictionary*

**W**E hear a good deal about the great American statesman, Daniel Webster, but not quite so much about Noah Webster, the man who wrote the dictionary. This Mr. Webster was quite a different character from the well-known Daniel, but he is very interesting in his own way, and deserves our attention.

Noah Webster was born at West Hartford, Connecticut, in 1758, the year after the birth of Alexander Hamilton. The Webster family were among the first settlers in Connecticut, and their old house is still standing. Noah's grandfather was Daniel Webster (not *the* Daniel we have just been talking about, however), and his land covered more than eighty acres. Noah's mother, Mercy, was a descendant of William Bradford, the Plymouth Governor. The Websters were a healthy, long-lived family, for Noah's father lived to be ninety-two, his two sisters were both over seventy when they died, his brothers were over eighty and he, himself, was in his eighty-fifth year.



Noah worked on his father's farm and went to the village school in Hartford. You would have thought this a very strange school, for there were few lesson books except a spelling book, a psalter and a Bible. And such a spelling book as it was, too! It is a wonder that children ever learned to spell at all in those days, for the system was most complicated and there seemed to be no rhyme or reason to the way words were spelled. This worried Noah Webster very much, even when he was only a boy.

Although he did not find the village school very interesting, Noah struggled along with his lessons and studied outside with a tutor, to prepare himself for Yale College, which he entered in 1774. At that time there were about a hundred and fifty students in the college, not so many as there are in a single class today. When the Revolutionary War broke out, most of the students left their lessons and joined the troops that were stationed in nearby towns. Noah Webster became a private in the company of which his father was captain, but he finally returned to Yale to complete his education.

After his graduation Noah Webster began to study law and, in the course of time, was admitted to the bar. He soon found that he was far more interested in literary and educational subjects than he was in practicing law, and for some years after that he taught school. The books that he used to teach from were so poor that, before he had been

teaching very long, he decided to improve them himself. One of his first books was called *A Grammatical Institute of the English Language*.

It used to take children years and years to learn to spell correctly, and Mr. Webster's simplified *Spelling Book* really made things so much easier for both teachers and scholars. He was what you might call a pioneer in simplified spelling and, although there have been many improvements since his time, we owe the first radical changes to him. He made many words so simple that we have not yet adopted his way of spelling them, and perhaps we never shall. For instance, he spelled young, *yung*, have, *hav*, has, *has*, heart, *hart*, and bread, *bred*. These changes would certainly make the language easier for foreigners to learn, but too many alterations can not be made all at one time, and some of the others were far more important than these.

Webster wrote several school-books that were full of patriotic speeches that were meant to make American school children appreciate the wonderful country in which they lived. He did not mean to neglect the importance of other countries, but he believed our own country should come first, and that the best way to inspire patriotism was to read about the great deeds and the great speeches of famous Americans. None of his other lesson books had the success of his *Spelling Book*, which was sold in great quantities all over the United States.

Sometimes as many as a million copies a year were sold, and for a long time the author supported his family on the money he received from this early work.

*Sketches of American Policy* was another book by Noah Webster. He also edited the *Journal* of Governor Winthrop—one of our early American settlers and the first governor of Massachusetts. Besides writing these books, he practiced law a little, and taught school for a year in Philadelphia. He went to the Quaker city at the invitation of his friend, Benjamin Franklin, who was also very much interested in spelling reform. Webster revised the Bible according to his own ideas, edited a newspaper, served on the state legislature, gave public lectures on the English language, became a judge and was one of the founders of Amherst College.

It was not for any of these things, however, for which we remember Noah Webster. He was a middle-aged man before he even started on the great work which made him famous all over the world. In 1806 he published his first dictionary of the English language, which contained five thousand more words than the best English dictionary. This was almost a reference book as well, for it contained maps, tables of weights and measures, and much other valuable information.

When this tremendous work was finished, "Dr." Webster, as he was now called, started to make a

much larger and more complete dictionary, an undertaking which took almost twenty years of his life. Many people laughed at this bold American who dared to attempt a task which they thought had been done well enough years before, by the great English scholar, Dr. Samuel Johnson. They ridiculed him in the newspapers and made all manner of fun of him, but Dr. Webster paid no attention to them and kept on working at his self-appointed task.

The question of money was a very serious one for Noah Webster, while he was busily preparing his dictionary. He had no spare time to go out and earn his living, and he had a wife and several children to support. Almost all of his income came from the *Spelling Book*, and this was not nearly enough for them to live on, in any degree of comfort. In order to reduce their expenses as much as possible, they sold their home in New Haven and went to live in the little town of Amherst, Massachusetts.

Day and night for twenty years, Noah Webster worked on his dictionary. During all this time he received no remuneration at all. He had great difficulty in finding the proper reference books in this country, for in the early nineteenth century books of that kind were not so plentiful as they are today. At last, he left his family behind, and sailed abroad in search of his material. For a year he worked at Cambridge University in England. In



1828, the great Dictionary was completed and appeared in two large volumes which sold for twenty dollars. The first revision was finished in 1840-41, and Dr. Webster was at work on the second when he died, a year later.

Noah Webster left a handsomely bound copy of his Bible to each of his grandchildren, because he considered this his most important work. He did not know that it was his Dictionary which would make his name a national byword. And now, if anyone should happen to speak about *Webster's Dictionary*, you will know at once that he does not mean Daniel Webster, whom I have told you about in another book, called *Do You Know Them?* Noah read Daniel's famous speeches with pleasure, and Daniel studied from Noah's *Spelling Book*, and each of them highly respected the other, but they were really two very different men.

## XIV

### Hans Christian Andersen

#### *The Man Who Wrote the Fairy Tales*

THERE are very few children who have not read about "The Tin Soldier," or "The Mermaid," or "The Nightingale," or "Great Claus and Little Claus," and a good many other delightful fairy tales by Hans Andersen, who is sometimes spoken of as the "Children's Poet." This does not mean that he actually wrote in verse, because you know that lots of things that are written in prose are very poetical.

Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odense, one of the largest cities in Denmark, in 1805. In that same year the great statesman, Benjamin Disraeli, was born in England, in quite different circumstances from the Danish author. Andersen was the son of a poor shoemaker, who had always wanted a good education but whose parents had thought the idea foolish and had not made the effort to give it to him. Hans was born when his father was only twenty-two years old, and although they lived in extreme poverty, and the whole family

slept in one room, they were really very happy and had lots of good times together.

When Mr. Andersen had any time to spare, he made Hans the most fascinating toys. He was very clever at doing this, which was nice for his little son because, of course, they were far too poor to buy anything that they did not actually need, and were even obliged to do without many of the real necessities of life. Mrs. Andersen worked just as hard as she could, but it was a great struggle for them to get along at all.

Hans went to school for a time and he read all the books he could find. Two of his favourites were the *Arabian Nights* and the *Fables* of La Fontaine. When he was about eight years old he wrote his first poem, and after that he wrote other little things from time to time. His mother and father and grandmother were all very proud of him and, like most families, they felt sure that their Hans had a great future before him.

When Hans was eleven his father died, and he was taken out of school and put to work in a factory. He hated the work and was glad to give it up to go to read to a widow and a relation of hers. His mother soon married another cobbler, who had almost as little money as her first husband. She was unable to do very much for her boy and in a few years her second husband died and she found herself worse off than before.

Hans had always loved the theatre, and as soon

as he was able he built himself a toy theatre and read all the plays he could get his hands on. At last, with just seven dollars in his pocket, he set out for Copenhagen, where he made several attempts to go on the stage. He was so painfully thin that his appearance was a good deal against his success, but he was not easily discouraged. His worst handicap was his extremely limited education, and he soon found that he required a good deal more knowledge to become an actor than he possessed. Sadly, he abandoned all hope of a theatrical career for the present, and took the first honest job that he could find.

The work of a joiner was not very agreeable to Hans, but he was almost in despair when he lost this work. It was far from easy for a young boy with no friends and no education, to make his way in a big city. It was in the midst of his trouble that the idea of becoming a great singer came to him. He had an excellent voice and friends had often urged him to have it cultivated. After several attempts he managed to sing before one of the best teachers in Copenhagen, who was so delighted with his voice that he at once set him to work studying for a musical career. Hans was delighted, and it seemed that at last all would surely be well with him. Then a terrible calamity befell him. Just when everything looked most promising, he completely lost his voice and was forced to give up his new hope of becoming a singer.



Andersen was now in worse straits than ever before. He tried his hand at writing tragedies, but with little success, for no one seemed at all interested in them. He struggled feebly along until a kind man of great influence in Denmark saw that the boy had real talent and that a good education would help him to overcome the difficulties that surrounded him. Jonas Collin himself went to King Frederick VI and begged him to allow Hans Andersen to have free instruction at one of the advanced schools in Denmark. The king agreed to the suggestion and the boy was at last able to receive an education, and later to attend college.

Andersen disliked school very much, but all the same he stuck to it year in and year out until he had learned a great deal about many things. He was decidedly backward and slow in his lessons and did not love to study as some children do. Besides this, he was sensitive and he felt very badly when the head-master made fun of his poetry and other writings. Nevertheless, about a year after he entered college he published a small book at his own expense, which met with remarkable success.

Andersen's *Picture Book Without Pictures* created quite a sensation. *A Poet's Bazaar* appeared about the same time, and his *Dying Child* became so popular that it was soon translated into several different tongues, including the language of Greenland. In addition to these books he had a play

produced at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen and a book of poems dedicated to the king, which was entitled the *Twelve Months of the Year*. His *Picture Book Without Pictures* shows his best talent.

Andersen himself really preferred writing books for older people and very much questioned the success of his books for children. I am sure he would be greatly surprised today if he could know that his *Fairy Tales* are more read than all his other books put together. And these wonderful tales seem to grow more popular all the time.

The success of the last years of Andersen's life somewhat made up for his early bitter struggles. He was given a pension by the king and was received with honour in all the countries he visited. In England he met and became the good friend of Charles Dickens, who went to the pier to bid him "bon voyage" after one of his visits to that country. The first thing he wrote on his return to Denmark was a *Christmas Greeting to My English Friends*, which was dedicated to Dickens.

Andersen lived through the reign of four Danish monarchs, but King Christian VIII was the one he liked the best. He dined frequently with the king and queen and was always an honoured guest at the royal table. Sometimes he would read aloud to them from some of his own books, which they admired very much indeed. He received many decorations from different kings, and as years passed

by he found that he was no longer unknown and unhappy, but famous and appreciated all over the world. When he was sixty-four he was given a literary "Jubilee," and in 1867 he was made an honorary citizen of his native town. There is a monument of him in Odense today.

In appearance Andersen was limp and ungainly, being extremely tall and thin. His nose was large and his hands and feet were enormous. He was not handsome, but on the whole he was rather proud of his appearance and took great pleasure in clothes and personal adornment. He was a shrewd, keen observer, and little escaped his sharp eyes. He loved the theatre and always went as often as possible. He was a religious man and kind and good to everyone. He was very much afraid of the sea and hated any sort of a voyage.

Andersen never married, but he led an active and busy life and had little time to be lonely. He had planned to build a comfortable home for his old age, but did not live to see it completed. After a brief illness, he died in Copenhagen, in 1875. His books, translated into English, fill ten volumes. In 1900 a centenary edition of his *Tales* appeared simultaneously in six different languages, under the patronage of the Danish government. This shows that Denmark was truly proud of her famous countryman and that she wished to pay him the highest possible tribute in her power.

## XV

### Anne Bradstreet

#### *The First Woman Poet in America*

**Y**OU have probably never heard of such a person as Anne Bradstreet, the first woman poet in this country. I am not telling you about her because she was such a wonderful maker of verse, but really because she had the courage and strength to do such a thing at all, at a time when women did little in any line outside of their household duties. You see, Mrs. Bradstreet lived in the long ago pioneer days of America, when people had all they could possibly do to fight against the hardships and difficulties that confronted them in settling and making homes for themselves and their families in the new land.

Anne Dudley Bradstreet was born in Northampton, England, more than three hundred years ago. She was a gentlewoman by birth, the daughter of Thomas Dudley, steward of the Earl of Lincolnshire, and afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. When she was sixteen Anne married Simon Bradstreet, son of a neighbouring minister and a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge,



the same college which John Harvard attended. After his wife's death Simon Bradstreet became Governor of Massachusetts and is sometimes spoken of as the "Nestor of New England."

In 1630, when Anne Bradstreet was eighteen, she and her husband joined the party of English Puritans who came to this country on the good ship "Arbella." You remember Governor Winthrop and the Lady Arbella, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, Thomas Dudley, and all the other brave pioneers who came over on the same boat, and what a trying passage they had, too? For weeks and weeks they tossed about on the sea and when they finally reached Salem they were so thankful to be on dry land again that they hardly knew what to do.

The Bradstreets and many of the other passengers went to Charlestown soon after their arrival, but before long moved over to Boston. Their first winter in New England was full of such suffering and hardship that many of them did not survive it. Simon Bradstreet did not stay very long in Boston, but moved to Cambridge, where he built a house on the site of the University bookstore. Before he had been five years in this country he again picked up his goods and chattels and deposited himself and his family in the good town of Ipswich, formerly known as Agawam. But alas, Simon was not yet satisfied, or else his youthful days were filled with a wander-lust spirit, for once more he changed his place of residence, this time

settling at Andover, where he built himself another house. At any rate, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was one of the first settlers in all the towns where he had stayed for a short time.

The constant upheaval of herself and her possessions, combined with the roughness and hardships that people were forced to endure in those early days, told upon the delicate constitution of Anne Bradstreet, who had been little used to such a life. She was a devoted wife and mother, however, and the Bradstreets had a happy family of eight children to comfort their later years. In one of her poems Mrs. Bradstreet speaks of her devotion to her husband in these words:

*"If ever two were one, then surely we;  
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;  
If ever wife was happy in a man,  
Compare with me ye women if you can."*

Mrs. Bradstreet's poems were first published without her knowledge by her brother-in-law, who was the first minister of the church of Andover. They were received with great enthusiasm by the literary men of the time, who were greatly impressed by the ability and talent of the new writer from Massachusetts. The verse of that time was quite different from the verse of today. I am afraid we would find a good many of Anne Bradstreet's poems very stiff and formal and hardly to our taste. But many of her thoughts were beauti-

ful and showed a good deal of her own beauty of character. In one poem she speaks of herself thus:

*"A pilgrim I on earth, perplexed,  
With sins, with cares and sorrows vexed,  
Oh how I long to be at rest  
And soar on high among the blest!"*

In the twentieth century we are not at all surprised to find that we live next door to a writer or an actor or perhaps a great musician. But in the seventeenth century it was a great shock to the neighbours of Anne Bradstreet to discover that she was a poet as well as a mother and wife. They were not accustomed to seeing women occupied in writing verses and they could not believe that that was a good way for anyone to spend her spare time. Some of them even hinted that if Mrs. Bradstreet spent more time with her needle and less with her pen, she would be much more sensible. But Anne Bradstreet could not have agreed with them for, in spite of their talk, she persisted with her writing, although she never neglected her family by doing so.

The Bradstreets were in comfortable circumstances and they had handsomer furniture and household goods than most people in Andover. Mrs. Simon Bradstreet took great pride in their beautiful things and she even kept up a correspondence with some of the nobility at home in England. In 1661, her husband went to England

on a particular mission to King Charles II, and on his return brought his family many handsome presents from abroad.

In those days men wore bright-coloured coats and knee breeches of a different hue. They carried silk handkerchiefs, wore gay neckties and costly and elaborate waistcoats. As a matter of fact, their apparel was quite as brilliant and attractive as that of the ladies, and at a ball they really made a very festive appearance indeed. Mr. Bradstreet liked to wear nice clothes and always looked very well.

Simon Bradstreet was usually spoken of as the "worshipful Mr. Simon Bradstreet," which shows how much people must have admired him. He was consulted in all the important affairs of the town of Andover, and few plans were made without first asking his advice. It was he who built the first mill on the Cochecheviche River, and he started many other worthy enterprises as well.

In 1666 a terrible calamity befell the Bradstreet family. Their beloved home burned to the ground, and with it all the cherished possessions which no money could ever replace. The following year Mr. Bradstreet built a new house for his family, a massive building made of heavy timbers, and brick-lined walls, and an enormous chimney running up to the top of the house. He purchased new furniture and books and clothing, but Mrs. Bradstreet never ceased to regret the dear old heirlooms that



were lost in the fire, chiefly the fine little library of eight hundred books that they had all loved so well. In the seventeenth century books were very scarce in this country. Most of them were brought all the way from England, and it was not an easy thing to purchase new volumes. Of course there were no lending libraries as there are today, and if anyone wanted a book at all he had to either borrow it or buy it.

The Bradstreets enjoyed forty years of happy married life together. Anne died in 1672, and Simon lived for twenty-one years after her death, to the ripe old age of ninety-four. Four years after the burial of Anne he married a niece of Governor Winthrop, and moved to Salem, where he spent his remaining years. His tomb may still be seen in that city. He was the last Governor of Massachusetts before it became a royal province.

Simon Bradstreet's son, Colonel Dudley Bradstreet, lived on in the old Bradstreet house in Andover until his own death. Two other sons went to Harvard College and one became a physician and another the first master of Andover Grammar School. His daughters all married well and settled down not far from home. No one knows exactly where Anne Bradstreet was buried, but it is believed in the old graveyard of Andover. Her descendants include many famous men, among them William Ellery Channing, Richard Henry Dana, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Wendell Phillips.

## XVI

### Charlotte Brontë

#### *A Well Known English Novelist*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, like so many other English writers, was the daughter of a clergyman. Her mother was a native of Penzance and had always been frail and delicate. Her father, the Reverend Patrick Brontë, was an Irishman of County Down, who had been educated at Cambridge University. He was a man of strong character and some literary talent. Charlotte was born in 1816, at Thornton, England. When her mother died, a few years later, the family moved to Haworth, a Yorkshire village of about five thousand inhabitants, where they settled permanently.

Patrick Brontë had six children, five daughters and one son, and at an early age they all showed remarkable cleverness and were treated by their father as intellectual equals. He talked over the public affairs of the day with them and expected them to pay attention to what he said and to remember it afterwards. Maria, the oldest child, read the newspaper aloud at breakfast and they all discussed the news together. Miss Branwell,

Mr. Brontë's sister-in-law, came to live with them and to assist in the bringing up of the motherless children.

Haworth was a very lonely spot, and the Brontë sisters had very little intercourse with neighbours of any kind. As time went on, the family grew to depend largely upon themselves for entertainment and companionship. They often amused themselves by composing and acting clever little plays which greatly pleased their father. Charlotte's favourite hero was the Duke of Wellington, and she frequently had him take a leading part in the plays. Another great favourite of the little girl was Sir Walter Scott, whose delightful poetry and romances never failed to give her pleasure. When Charlotte was eleven or twelve years old she told her father that the best book in the world was the Bible, and that the next best was the "book of nature"—this really meant just everything out doors and not a book at all.

None of the Brontë children was very strong physically. They inherited their mother's delicate constitution and their father's mental ability. When Charlotte was only eight years old, she and three of her sisters were sent to a boarding school for clergymen's daughters at Cowan Bridge. A low fever broke out in the school and the two oldest girls, Maria and Elizabeth, became seriously ill and were taken home only to die. Charlotte told all about this horrid school in her famous book *Jane*

*Eyre*. Emily and Charlotte then returned to Hawthorth and for some time studied with their aunt. When they were very small, Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and their brother, Branwell, all began to write. In a few years Charlotte composed thirty or forty tales as well as a large number of poems. She was a naturally quiet and reserved young girl and found great pleasure and comfort in her writing.

Charlotte went to another boarding school near Leeds, and this proved to be a more pleasant experience. Later she became a teacher at the same place. In 1842 she and Emily went to Brussels to improve their knowledge of foreign languages and to better prepare themselves for teaching. To a great extent the Brontë sisters were really self educated.

From the time of her return from Brussels, Charlotte's trials began anew. First, her aunt died; then her father's sight became impaired and her brother, who had always been a weak and bad character, began to bring continued trouble to the family by his wicked and unprincipled actions. The three sisters took up literature in earnest and, in 1846, published a volume of verses at their own expense, under the names of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. Next, Charlotte wrote *The Professor*, and afterwards *Jane Eyre*, which took the public by storm as soon as it appeared. People tried to guess who had written this masterpiece, and many supposed it could only have been a man. When Char-



lotte at last confessed her authorship of the book, everyone was completely amazed.

Soon after the publication of this novel, more sorrow came to Charlotte, and her life became even more desolate and forlorn than it had been before. Her brother, Branwell, died and was soon followed by her beloved sisters, Emily and Anne. During all this sad period of her life, Charlotte was busy writing her story, *Shirley*, which is the most cheerful of all her books. This story is really written about her sister, Emily, and describes many of the scenes of pastoral and moorland Yorkshire that she knew so well. Perhaps in writing this tale Charlotte found some comfort and relief for her loneliness and suffering. Her last novel was named *Villette*; it was considered the most perfect by the critics, and was received with great enthusiasm by the public.

The life of Charlotte Brontë is one of the saddest and most pathetic in the whole range of literature. Having her family taken from her, one by one, and having few intimate friends and no kindly neighbours to bring her comfort, she was left to depend solely upon her work for recreation and consolation. There, in the dismal little village of Haworth, she spent her lonely and cheerless existence.

In her last years Miss Brontë found a little pleasure in her acquaintance with Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, and other noted writers. Her closing days

were brightened by her marriage to her father's curate, Rev. A. B. Nicholls, who had sincerely loved her for a great many years. It was her sad misfortune to be unhappy the greater part of her life, but through all her sorrows her fortitude remained unshaken.

Most of Miss Brontë's characters were drawn directly from life, and many of her friends recognised themselves in her pages. Her sisters, Emily and Anne, both left some literary work behind them. Emily's *Wuthering Heights* is a book of great power and distinction, and her poems also show unusual ability. Anne's writings had not the same fine quality as that of her two sisters, and her two novels are not so well known. The stories of Charlotte, or Currer Bell, as she at first called herself, were the most important. They had a rare vitality and power and are still widely read today, although they were written more than three-quarters of a century ago.

Mrs. Gaskell, the well known author of the delightful English story, *Cranford*, has written a very interesting "Life" of her friend, Charlotte Brontë. This biography tells in detail all about the hopes and disappointments of her life, and I am sure you would enjoy reading it. The lives of the Brontë sisters have been the subject of many books and articles in the last century.

## XVII

### Eugene Field

#### *A Poet Whom Children Love*

I AM sure you all know the *Rock-a-by Lady* from *Hush-a-by Street*, and the *Gingham Dog* and the *Calico Cat*, and *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*, and lots of the other delightful characters in Eugene Field's beautiful poems for children. Mr. Field liked children very much indeed, and he was especially fond of those who loved fairy tales and Santa Claus and things like that. He loved Andersen's *Fairy Tales* himself, even when he was a grown man.

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis in 1850, the same year that Lord Kitchener was born in England. His mother died when he was a small boy and he and his brother, Roswell, were sent to New England to be brought up by a cousin. The Field family were of genuine Puritan stock, and Eugene's grandmother was a devout Congregationalist. This religious old lady was most anxious that her little grandson should grow up to be a minister, and with this end in view she set him to work, writing sermons, at the age of ten.

These the good woman purchased from him for ten cents apiece, to encourage the boy in his religious career.

When Eugene was finally prepared for college he entered Williams for his freshman year. The next year he went to Knox College, in Illinois, and the third year to Missouri University. Instead of taking his fourth year at another college he went abroad and travelled for several months. On his return he started work as a reporter on the *St. Louis Journal* and continued to hold various positions on different newspapers for ten years.

In 1883 Eugene Field began to work on the *Chicago Morning News*, which later became the *Record*, and remained with this paper until his death, twelve years later. His clever daily column, *Sharps and Flats*, soon became a popular feature of the newspaper and attracted a good deal of attention all over the country. It was a collection of brief humorous items, tiny stories and bits of verse that were filled with a rare and delightful humour.

Mr. Field had a small cubby-hole of an office just off the main editorial room of the *Morning News*. He would saunter in here in the morning, remove his collar and shoes, and often his coat, roll up his trousers and proceed to make himself very comfortable by placing his feet on top of his desk. Over his desk was a large sheet of tin, and when the noise in the outer office became too loud for his



taste he would hammer on this as a delicate hint that he would enjoy a little more quiet. In the same way he would call one of the office boys to his desk. He kept all sorts of queer tools about his office, because he greatly liked to shock and surprise his visitors and let them think that he was really quite a peculiar character.

Field was over six feet tall and stooped slightly. He was careless in his dress and was not very particular or vain about his personal appearance. At college he smoked an old corn-cob pipe and, although he gave up this habit in later life, he was always an inveterate smoker, and the habit affected his health very badly. He was a well known figure in Chicago, and there was scarcely a bookshop in the city where he was not a frequent visitor. He loved books and reading and was particularly fond of reading in bed. He was generous, honest, and sincere and hated sham and hypocrisy. He had a sunny, cheerful disposition and loved nothing better than to play jokes on people. His jokes were never mean, however, for he hated to hurt anyone or anything. Everyone loved him.

Once when Eugene Field was in Denver he heard that Oscar Wilde, the famous English writer, was expected in that city on the same day. Now, Mr. Wilde was well known as an eccentric and remarkable looking man, who dressed in a peculiar way and was often seen walking through the streets carrying a lily in his hand. The idea of playing a

good joke on everyone appealed to Mr. Field's sense of humour, so he dressed himself to look as much like the English author as possible and drove about Denver with a large sunflower clasped in his hand. Everyone turned out to see him, and when the real Oscar Wilde appeared the following day, they were all completely flabbergasted at the joke on themselves.

Another time, at an English dinner, Field amazed some of the noted people there by his description of the "wild and woolly west." An anxious lady who had never been to America asked him if it were really such a terrible place, and he quickly assured her it was much worse than she had imagined, and described the wild animals and other horrors that were unknown in England. He said that when he himself was first "caught" he was up in a tree. How much they believed of what he said I do not know, but I am sure he helped to make the dinner a lively one.

Eugene Field could enjoy a joke on himself just as much as he could one on someone else. He was always ready to laugh with other people when something funny happened to him. Once he put on a new white flannel suit and started out with some friends to visit the Chicago Exposition. In an idle moment he sat on a piece of fly paper, which clung to him so tightly that it was some time before he could be separated from it. When it was finally removed his coat stuck to his trousers and his trous-

ers to him, and he did not feel any too comfortable the rest of the afternoon. The next day he received a letter from one of his friends addressed to "Mr. Eugene Fly-Paper Field," which amused him very much indeed.

As time went on and Eugene Field became more and more popular he began to receive a great number of letters from admiring readers who begged him to tell them something about himself. To please them and to amuse himself he concocted a half-serious and half-humorous pamphlet about his life, which he mailed to them all. I am quite sure that when they finished reading it they knew less about the author than before they began. One of the things he told them was that he loved pie and tobacco, which was really the truth, for they say that one of his favourite dishes was a piece of mince pie with melted cheese on top!

Children always liked to visit Eugene Field because, like Lewis Carroll, he kept a lot of wonderful mechanical toys and things to show them. He also had a fine collection of bells to which they loved to listen. He had several children of his own, and instead of calling them by their right names, which were Eugene, Frederick, Roswell, Francis, Mary, and Ruth, he addressed them as "Pinny," "Daisy," "Pody," "Trotty," and "Sister Girl." He loved pets of all kinds, too. When he was a little boy himself he even named the chickens and taught them to answer to their names, which were

“Minnikin” and “Finnikin,” and strange sounding things like that.

Eugene Field wrote the neatest hand imaginable, and his manuscripts were always a great pride to him and a great comfort to the printers, who often received many things that they could not even read. He took the greatest pains to keep all his work neat and legible. He loved to make queer little sketches to illustrate his letters to his friends and in books which he was especially autographing for people. Do you remember how Lewis Carroll used to love to draw, too?

Eugene Field had a very good voice for singing as well as reading. His readings from his own works were a delight to all those who heard him. His last public appearance, two or three weeks before he died, was at Glencoe, a suburb of Chicago, and was for the benefit of a destitute woman whom he did not even know.

Mr. Field died in 1895, the same year as the great French scientist, Louis Pasteur. His death was deeply mourned all over the country, for his friends were many and his beautiful writings had endeared him to thousands of people who had never known him personally. He was buried with a white rose in his hand, which had been sent to him by a little girl who loved his poems.

In 1922 a beautiful memorial was erected to Eugene Field in Lincoln Park, Chicago. A fund for \$10,000 had been raised for this purpose by the



children of the city, with the assistance of the Lincoln Park Commissioners and the B. F. Ferguson Monument Fund. The sculptor, Edward McCarten, was told by the commissioners to put some of Mr. Field's poems into granite. This was not an easy task because there was a great deal of material to choose from, and because, also, drums and gingham dogs and calico cats and things like that did not seem like just the sort of thing to put in a great memorial.

At last he selected the *Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street* as just exactly the right thing. He represented her with wings, in the form of a fairy, and not an angel, as some people imagine her to be. She is leaning over two sleeping children and dropping poppies from her hands. On the base of the monument are engraved the first four lines of the Dutch Lullaby, *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*:

“*Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light,  
Into a sea of dew.*”

On the other side are the opening lines of the *Sugar Plum Tree*:

“*Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum tree?  
'Tis a marvel of great renown!  
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea  
In the garden of Shut Eye Town.*”

The two grandchildren of Eugene Field saw the beautiful monument unveiled. Only think how proud they must have been to know that so many other children had so honoured their dear grandfather!

Eugene Field has written so many lovely poems for children that it is hard to say what ones we really like best. One of the greatest favourites is *Little Boy Blue*, which has been set to music. In 1917, the original manuscript of this poem was sold at auction at an Allied Bazaar in Chicago, for the benefit of Europe's war sufferers, and brought twenty-four hundred dollars. You remember the first words of *Little Boy Blue*, don't you?

*"The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and staunch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands."*

But whatever else you forget, please don't forget that dear *Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street* who "comes stealing; comes creeping;" because it is really such a very lovely poem and because the *Rock-a-by Lady* was chosen for the beautiful monument to the memory of Eugene Field, who took so much pleasure in writing those verses for children. A well-known writer named Kenneth Grahame, called Mr. Field "an American of Americans."

## XVIII

### Mary Lyon

#### *Founder of Mount Holyoke College*

MARY MASON LYON was born near Buckland, Massachusetts, in 1798. Her father died when she was seven years old and Mary was obliged to do her part to help with the family expenses. She was an earnest and serious child, anxious to learn all she could about everything, and never wasting her time if she could help it.

When Mary was thirteen her mother married again and took the younger children away to live in another state, leaving Mary to keep house for her brother. For this task the little girl received one dollar a week, which seemed like a large sum of money to her, and which helped to pay for a term at a nearby school. Before long she was able to be an assistant teacher herself and to earn seventy-five cents a week and her board, in return for her services.

Although Mary Lyon was teaching at seventeen, she returned to school again and became a student at Ashfield Academy. In those days girls did not

spend much time on their educations because people thought if they could read and write and do a simple sum that they knew quite enough. The rest of their education had to do with sewing, weaving and other useful occupations. When he was a boy, the great educator, Horace Mann, met a woman who had studied Latin, who was such an unusual object that he regarded her as very like a goddess. Boys went to school for a longer period because they were supposed to need more education than their sisters.

When Mary Lyon was a little girl she made up her mind that she would have the best education possible, and she worked hard to obtain it. At Ashfield Academy, she helped to pay her board by doing small things about the school. She did so well at her lessons that the teachers and scholars were amazed. There is a story that when the teacher asked Mary to learn the first chapter of the Latin grammar, she astonished everyone by reciting the whole book, which she had memorised in a single day.

All this knowledge did not make Mary Lyon the least bit vain or conceited, I am glad to say. She was extremely popular with her classmates, and when she feared she could not afford to finish the year at Ashfield, the trustees themselves agreed to allow her free tuition for the rest of the term.

Mary had a great friend at Ashfield, by the name of Amanda White, the daughter of Squire White,



of a nearby town. Amanda and Mary were very fond of each other, and the Squire was so pleased with the ambition and earnestness of his daughter's friend that he helped her to go to Byfield Academy with Amanda, the following year. Byfield is a town not more than an hour's train ride from Boston, but in the early nineteenth century the thirty-mile trip was made entirely by stage-coach, and took nearly three days.

Mary Lyon's sister was already teaching school, and this made her most anxious to fit herself for the same profession. Byfield Academy was run by a Mr. Emerson, a remarkable man, of whom Miss Lyon spoke in the highest possible terms. He was a Harvard graduate and one of the first men to believe in the higher education of women. He wanted to train them to become competent teachers, and he did all he could to help them.

When Mary Lyon left Byfield she began her work of teaching. At first she was not very successful, but her great desire to become a good teacher and her unfailing patience and continued hard work finally brought their reward, for she became one of the best teachers in the country. For a time she taught at Ipswich Academy, and after that at Ashfield in the winter and at Derry, New Hampshire, in the summer. Her salary amounted to five or six dollars a week a large part of this time.

As Miss Lyon gained experience in teaching, she

became more and more disturbed about the poor equipment and the lack of proper attention given to the education of girls in the schools. She believed so strongly in the need of better education for women that she made up her mind to devote her own life to awakening other people to this great necessity.

When Mary Lyon told people of her idea of founding a college for women they were greatly amazed, and most of them thought that such a thing was utterly preposterous. The only college that was open to women at that time was the Oberlin Collegiate Institute in Ohio, which was founded in 1833. Miss Lyon wished to build something that would be more accessible for girls from New England. At that time the only way a girl could continue her studies after finishing school, was to study with a private teacher—if she could find one, and if she could afford such a luxury.

All the protests in the world failed to discourage Miss Lyon. She believed that women had the same right to an education as men had, and she determined to do her best to obtain it for them. So she started her big campaign for the first college for women in America, Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Massachusetts. From one town to another she travelled, telling her story from house to house, and urging people to give something, no matter how small, to the great enterprise. Often she went to bed sadly discouraged, but the next

morning she would always rise with fresh hope and determination to carry her on to success.

There was only one railroad in New England in 1835, and Miss Lyon was forced to travel everywhere by stage and on foot. Sometimes when she reached her destination she was too tired for words and only the unselfishness of her purpose kept her going on and on. She knew what the accomplishment of her great desire would mean to thousands of other women, so she went bravely along, climbing step by step up the steep road before her. And little by little, with a few cents here and a few dollars there, the money was gradually raised. The first thousand dollars came from women alone, and was collected in the first two months of her campaign.

After many difficulties, the cornerstone was laid in the year 1836. When the building was well under way there was another campaign to raise money for the furnishings, simple though they were. In spite of all these obstacles, in the fall of 1837 Mount Holyoke Seminary opened its doors to more than eighty girls. At the beginning of the second year four hundred were refused because there was no room for them.

Miss Lyon told the girls that they must always remember that they were being trained for service, and that one of the greatest things in life was to be able to give service of some kind. She insisted that they dress simply and do what was expected of

them, without having any hard and fast rules. They did most of the housework themselves, and the tuition and board for the entire year was only sixty dollars. Miss Lyon herself received just two hundred dollars a year, and in the twelve years that she remained at the head of the college, she would never take any more for her services. Her entire life was devoted to the founding and building up of this splendid institution and her own savings and all her time and energy were given to it.

Mary Lyon chose as her assistant Miss Eunice Caldwell, who afterwards became Mrs. J. P. Cowles, of Ipswich Academy. All of the women who helped in her work were of the same fine type as the founder herself, and were admired and respected by everyone.

Although Mount Holyoke had really been a college before, it was not made so in name until 1893. In recent years there have been many changes and improvements, and there are now many more buildings and many more pupils at Mary Lyon's College. In the first eighty-five years of its history, Mount Holyoke enrolled over eleven thousand students and graduated more than five thousand, many of whom became teachers and founders of schools and colleges, missionaries and leaders in important social and religious movements.

Although many changes have been made and many years have passed since the day when the founder first opened the doors to those eighty girls,



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there are some things at the college at South Hadley that are still the same. It is run very much in the way that Miss Lyon started it, with the same high ideals and standards, and the girls still feel there what has become known as the "Mary Lyon spirit."

Just before her death, Mary Lyon spoke to the girls about the loss of one of her students. In closing, she added these beautiful words, which have since been carved on her own monument in the graveyard near the college: "There is nothing in the universe that I am afraid of, but that I shall not know all my duty." These words express the noble purpose and character of a fine woman. Although Miss Lyon was only fifty-two when she died, her short life has left a deep mark on the history of education in this country, and on the lives of thousands of girls who have felt her influence. In recognition of what she accomplished, she was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1905.

There have been several biographies and many articles written about the life and work of Mary Lyon. Most of these can be found in the public libraries, and will give you a larger and more elaborate account of her noble character and the unselfish purpose of her life.

## XIX

### Cecil John Rhodes

#### *A Man Who Did Much for Education*

**H**AVE you ever heard some one speak of a man as a "Rhodes" scholar? What he meant was that the man had won one of the scholarships left to Oxford University by the Englishman, Cecil John Rhodes. Through his generosity, graduates of other colleges who win enough distinction are able to continue their studies at Oxford without charge.

Cecil Rhodes was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1853, and was the fifth son of a clergyman, who was famous for his short and beautiful sermons. He was educated at the grammar school at Bishop Stortford, the little town where he was born. His family wished very much to have him follow in his father's footsteps and study for the ministry, and believed he was well suited to the Church, but at sixteen his health gave out and he was forced to leave England and go to a different climate, so they were obliged to abandon the idea. Rhodes went to join his brother, who was farming at Natal, in South Africa.

The year 1870, in which Cecil Rhodes left England, was an eventful one. It marked the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War and the flight of the Empress Eugénie from France to England. It was particularly important for the Rhodes brothers, because diamonds were discovered in the Kimberley fields in South Africa, and they were among the successful diggers. Cecil Rhodes not only became well and strong again; he became rich as well. And at that time he was not yet twenty years old.

Soon after his adventure with the diamond mines the young Englishman set out to explore the part of Africa north of the Orange and Vaal rivers. He stayed there four years, and he wished very much that the British race could have control over this portion of South Africa. Then he returned to England and began his long-deferred career at Oriel College, Oxford. It was a cruel disappointment to him when his health again failed and he was forced to hurry back to South Africa. The doctors warned him that he had only a short time to live, but Rhodes was far stronger than they believed him to be and he soon regained his health and former strength in the warmer climate.

Cecil Rhodes had one fixed idea in his head—to finish his career at Oxford. He remained in South Africa for three years, and then returned again to his native land, determined to succeed this time if it was in his power to do so. He was many years

older than the other men in his classes, but this did not worry him. He was there to acquire his coveted college diploma, and although he did not study very hard he managed to pass all his examinations satisfactorily. He particularly liked the works of Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius. He greatly amused his classmates and disturbed his professors by bringing handfuls of uncut diamonds to lectures and passing them about among his fellow students. To keep himself feeling fit he rowed a little and returned to South Africa for the long vacation every summer. In this way he was finally graduated from Oxford.

When Cecil Rhodes finished his college course he returned to South Africa, where he became a more and more important person in the affairs of that country. His tastes were simple and he did not require a great deal of money to enable him to live in the way he liked. Much of his money was used for public benefit and not for personal pleasure. In 1881 he became a member of the Cape Assembly.

The life of Rhodes in his adopted country was not without difficulties, and a great deal of his time was spent in controversy with President Kruger, the head of the Dutch militant party. President Kruger represented the Dutch, and Cecil Rhodes, the British interests in South Africa. The great discovery of the diamond mines in this part of the country had made many other nations interested in it and Rhodes feared that before long they would



all try to get control of it on this account. His great ambition was to have Africa, British, "from the Cape to Cairo." This was impossible, because too much territory was already owned by the Germans. But at least part of his dream came true, for in a war in 1893, some 450,000 square miles of territory were added to the British Empire.

In 1890, Rhodes became Prime Minister of the Cape. He was kept in power largely by the Dutch vote and he was very anxious to unite the British and Dutch interests in this part of the country. With the natives he was very popular and managed them with great cleverness. He was an absolute ruler, however, and his word was always law. He did not ask for or desire any sort of interference with his management of the country.

In 1896 an affair known as the Jameson Raid occurred. Rhodes was not really responsible for this disturbance, but he was connected with it, and resigned his position as premier and took full blame for his part in it. Afterwards, in order to make his peace with the natives and to re-establish their confidence in him, he lived alone and unprotected in a hut in the woods for several weeks. He was then invited to attend their council and he returned to their camp with their messenger absolutely unarmed. When the discussion was held they decided to be at peace with him.

Rhodesia in South Africa was named after Cecil Rhodes. Today, it is a territory of 440,000 square

miles and has 1,728,000 population. It is a progressive place where the women vote, the land is well farmed, and gold and silver are mined. It is under the administration of the British South Africa Company.

In 1899 the Boer War broke out. In this war England and South Africa fought against each other. Cape Colony was first settled by the Dutch and the people who lived there were called Boers, which is the Dutch word for farmers. This land finally fell into the hands of the English and the Boers did not like English rule and finally revolted and disagreed with their government. The result was the Boer War, and after three years of bitter struggle the Boers were obliged to surrender to the English, and the Orange Free State and the Transvaal came under English rule. Rhodes was in Kimberley during the time it was besieged. He died March 26, 1902, and was buried, according to his instructions, in the Matoppo Hills.

When Cecil Rhodes died he left his great fortune in scholarships to Oxford University, amounting to three hundred pounds a year apiece. These scholarships were to be given to students from every important British colony and from every state and territory of the United States of America. They provided for one hundred and seventy-five students for a term of three years each, and they have given many men the opportunity of further study at one of the greatest universities in the

world. Cecil Rhodes understood the value of a good education himself, and he wanted to help others to acquire one. Perhaps if you do your very best at school some day you may win a Rhodes Scholarship yourself.

In this way Rhodes has erected a monument to his own memory that is ever before us and which has endeared him to thousands of people all over the world.

## XX

### Louis Pasteur

#### *A Great Life-Saver*

**T**HE name of Louis Pasteur is one of the greatest in the whole history of science.

His discoveries in the field of medical research have saved thousands and thousands of lives and have helped to lengthen those of many more. He fought for human life just as any soldier fights for his country. For his remarkable services to his country and to mankind in general he was once voted by the people of France, "the greatest Frenchman of all time."

Pasteur was born at Dôle in the Jura mountains, in the extreme eastern portion of France, not far from Switzerland. There is an inscription over the doorway of the little house today so that strangers will not fail to see it. In 1822, the same year that Louis Pasteur was born in France, General Grant was born in America; and, strange to say, they were both sons of a tanner.

The Pasteur family can be traced back a good many generations. The great-great-grandparents of the great scientist were in humble circumstances



and were unable to write their own names. His great-grandfather was born a serf, but finally purchased his freedom and tried to educate himself. Besides being a very good tanner, Louis's father served in the Napoleonic wars as a sergeant-major in the famous Third Regiment, renowned for its bravery. He was a fine soldier and received the cross of the Legion of Honour for his service to France.

The home life of the Pasteur family was a very happy one. Louis never forgot the wise and good teachings of his kind father and the two remained close friends all their lives. More than everything else he longed to be an artist, and spent most of his time drawing and painting. He received a good education and at sixteen was sent to Paris in order to better prepare himself for the *École Normale*. This was his first absence from home, and he soon became so homesick that he decided he would rather go to a school in the provinces where he would not be so far away from his dear family.

In spite of the fact that he later became famous for his work in this subject, Pasteur was never very good in chemistry at school. In fact he was even marked "mediocre" in this particular branch of study, when he received his diploma. But he completed his course at the *École Normale*, and soon afterwards began to teach. He held several important positions and, while at Strasburg University, he married Marie Laurent, daughter of the

rector of the university, with whom he lived happily for forty-seven years.

One day, when Pasteur was a young man about twenty-five years old, he heard a lecture at the Sorbonne, given by a chemist named Jean Baptiste André Dumas, who was a keen advocate of experimental research. He became so interested in the subject that he began to spend more and more time in research work and, before long, he obtained gratifying results from his labours. The pasteurisation of milk is the result of one of the French scientist's discoveries and the word is made from his name.

In 1865 a disease broke out among the silk worms that threatened to damage the whole silk worm industry if the cause were not soon discovered. Pasteur was asked by the Minister of Agriculture to investigate the epidemic and, with his usual thoroughness, he studied the trouble. He visited Austria and Italy, as well as sections of his own country, and eventually discovered the cause and the prevention of the silk worm disease. Further discoveries of his saved the world's wine industry and made a great deal of money for France and other countries.

Another disease called anthrax attacked the cattle of France, and enormous loss of life was caused among them. Pasteur was again consulted, and he immediately set to work to see what could be done about it. He experimented and experimented, and

finally successfully vaccinated the animals to prevent their getting the disease. He saved thousands of chickens from dying of chicken cholera in the same way. By his methods of treating wounds he made a great advance in surgery and decreased the number of deaths from gangrene.

The greatest of all Pasteur's discoveries was the method of preventing rabies or hydrophobia, a disease caused by the bite of a mad dog, which up to that time had been fatal. The first test was made on Joseph Meister, a boy from Alsace, who had been badly bitten by a mad dog. Imagine how anxiously everyone must have been waiting to hear how the experiment had turned out. It was successful, for Joseph's life was saved, and many other patients were given the treatment and entirely cured. In the first four months after the treatment was begun, three hundred and fifty persons were inoculated and only one case was lost. The death rate of cases of hydrophobia treated by Pasteur's methods has been reduced to one in a hundred. Is it any wonder that one writer calls him "The most perfect man who has ever entered the kingdom of science"?

It is pleasant to think that Louis Pasteur lived long enough to see something of the benefit of his great discoveries to the world and to receive many honours for his service to mankind. The home government awarded him and his family a generous pension and France made him chevalier of the

Legion of Honour and later officier and gave him the Grand Croix. He was elected to the French Academy and to the American National Association of Sciences. Medals and prizes and degrees were lavished upon him from all corners of the globe.

The Pasteur Institute for anti-rabies inoculation was opened in 1888, and was made possible by world-wide contributions from rich and poor alike, totaling more than two-and-a-half million francs. It has been called the "world's greatest life-saving institute." The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York City, is a similar institution and now renders the same great service to the world.

In the last years of Pasteur's life he was seriously afflicted with paralytic strokes, but he continued his work almost to the end. His last words expressed the whole purpose of his unselfish and noble life: *Il faut travailler*—"One must work." That was the great force of his whole life—work. And it was always work to help other people. Pasteur died in 1895 and was buried in state at Notre Dame. His body now rests in a beautiful mausoleum in the Pasteur Institute, and his own words are inscribed near his tomb: "*Happy is he who has a Deity within him, an ideal of beauty which he obeys, an ideal of art, an ideal of country, an ideal of the virtues of the New Testament.*"

Louis Pasteur believed in building up rather than destroying and for this reason he hated the idea of



war. He said: "Science and peace shall triumph over ignorance and war. The people shall agree not to destroy, but to build up." After the Franco-Prussian War he refused to accept a degree from any German university.

In 1922—one hundred years after the birth of Pasteur—there was a worldwide celebration in his honour.

## XXI

### Walter Reed

#### *The Man Who Killed Yellow Fever*

**T**HERE was once a man who said: "One thing I will not permit to forsake me, and that is my courage." That was Major Walter Reed, whose brave life and early death were a shining example of the truth of his own words.

Walter Reed was born in Virginia in 1851. His mother and father were from North Carolina, but had spent most of their lives in the state where Walter was born. They had four sons and one daughter, and the children were educated at private schools in Farmville and Charlottesville, Virginia. Walter was about ten years old when the Civil War broke out, and he saw a good many exciting things at that time. One day when the boys were sent to hide their horses from the raiders, it was such a hot day that they forgot all about what they had set out to do, and went swimming. Then the raiders came along and seized both horses and boys, but fortunately for them, they finally released the boys. I don't believe they ever forgot anything like that again.

Walter learned with such remarkable rapidity that he was able to enter the University of Virginia at sixteen. He would probably have completed his college course with great distinction had not the limited finances of his family made it necessary for him to leave before the end of it. To the surprise of his instructors he worked so hard that he was able to take his degree and to be graduated the third highest man in his class, as well as the youngest medical student ever graduated from the Medical School at Charlottesville.

From Charlottesville young Reed went directly to New York to study and later to practice medicine. His brother, Christopher, was a lawyer in that city when Walter began his work there. Dr. Reed's patients were all in the very dirtiest and poorest district, and he found his task far from easy. But he worked with a will and soon gained a splendid reputation as a physician and surgeon. He was deeply interested in his work and was never too busy or too tired to help anyone if he could possibly do so.

When Walter Reed was twenty-three he made up his mind to go into the Army as a surgeon. A year later he became a first lieutenant in the regular Army and was sent to Willett's Point, New York. He was no sooner settled there than he was ordered to Arizona, which is usually the way with army officers. Before leaving, he married Miss Emilie Lawrence, who later followed him to Fort Lowell.

On the way out west young Mrs. Reed had a most eventful and trying journey, being caught in a heavy blizzard and afterwards in a railroad accident. She kept her courage, however, and at last reached Fort Lowell, to the great joy of her husband.

The Reeds now began to lead the regular army life, traveling from one place to another, often with little notice beforehand, and frequently suffering a good deal of discomfort. At Camp Apache, Walter Lawrence Reed was born. After four years in Arizona they were sent to Baltimore for a short time and, while there, Dr. Reed took advantage of the opportunity to do some studying and research work at Johns Hopkins University. He became an instructor at the Army Medical School, but another call to the far west shortened his period of teaching.

This time the Reed family travelled all the way to Fort Omaha, Nebraska, where they remained for five years. They had had a generous share of life in the Far West and were more than ready when they were ordered to the Mount Vernon Barracks, way down in Alabama. Dr. Reed loved the beautiful flowers and the trees and the sunshine and all the other things that the warm climate of the South offered them.

At last his travels brought him back to Washington, where he received the rank of major and was ordered to the office of the Surgeon-General. Soon after his appointment, typhoid fever broke out in a



most alarming way among the troops during the Spanish-American War. On account of his ability and knowledge, Major Reed was appointed chairman of a committee to investigate the cause and extent of this terrible disease, which he found was largely caused by flies. Through the work of this commission discoveries of great benefit to the world were made in regard to typhoid fever.

In the eighteenth century there were thirty-five epidemics of yellow fever in the United States. From 1800 to 1879 there was yellow fever somewhere in this country, every single year but two. There were thousands of deaths in New Orleans alone: 10% of the population of Philadelphia was wiped out by it and many other large cities suffered frightfully from this dreadful scourge. Major Reed had been in Washington a year when the news came that yellow fever had again broken out, this time among the American troops who were stationed at Havana. Four prominent doctors were sent to investigate this new trouble, and among them was Walter Reed.

After much study and work Dr. Reed demonstrated that yellow fever was transmitted only by the bite of a certain type of mosquito, and that the mosquito must have become infected by previously biting someone already suffering with the fever. As a result of this great discovery, yellow fever has been practically eliminated and the construction of the Panama Canal was made possible, without

the loss of thousands of lives. In a previous attempt to build the Canal many people had died of yellow fever.

In order to prove that the mosquito carried the germ, many lives had to be sacrificed. Two young privates in the army heroically offered themselves for experimental purposes, and when they did this Major Reed touched his cap and said to them: "Gentlemen, I salute you. In my opinion this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States."

Major-General Leonard Wood, Military Governor of Cuba, greatly helped Walter Reed in his work. The General said of him: "I know of no man who has done so much for humanity as Major Reed. His discovery results in the saving of more lives annually than were lost in the Cuban war and saves the commercial interests of the world a greater financial loss in each year than the cost of the entire Cuban war."

Walter Reed's great service to humanity was cut short by his early death at the age of fifty-one. He died of peritonitis and was survived by his wife and two children. His son became an officer of high rank in the United States Army and his daughter married an army officer. Their father was buried in Arlington Cemetery, Washington. The inscription on the monument was chosen by the United States Army surgeons, and reads: "*He gave to man control over that dreadful*

*scourge, yellow fever.*" These words were taken from an address by Dr. Eliot, of Harvard University, when he awarded an honorary degree to Walter Reed.

The Walter Reed General Hospital was erected in 1909, in memory of Major Reed, and was built on the site of a skirmish in the Civil War, known as the Battle of Fort Stevens. This was a particularly interesting event because it was at this time that President Lincoln narrowly escaped being shot, while watching the engagement. A Confederate sharpshooter cleverly hidden in a tree near one of the entrances to what are now the hospital grounds, only just missed killing him.

The great service that Walter Reed performed for humanity places him in a line with the greatest scientists of the world. He was honest, straightforward, and direct in character, and was respected and admired by all who knew him. He was always ready and willing to give a helping hand to anyone he could. Many a poor man beside whose bedside he watched far into the night remembered him with affection. After his discovery of the cause of yellow fever he wrote to his wife: "The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering has been granted!"

Dr. Howard Kelly, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, said of him: "The greatest lesson of

Dr. Reed's life is that the secret of happiness and usefulness lies rather in giving what we can to life, than in getting what we can from it." Most of us are far more concerned with what we are going to get than with what we are going to give, and we seldom stop to think about it. Dr. Reed's example is such a beautiful one that we must all feel better for trying to follow it by being helpful and useful whenever we can.









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